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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	137
PICKING AND CHOOSING	139
THROUGH AMERICAN EYES. By Joseph Barnes	140
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	141
THIS ENGLAND	142
TRAWLERS IN TROUBLE. By Aylmer Vallance	142
THE MISSING PAGES. By Ritchie Calder	143
MALAN'S RACIALISM	144
A NIGHT AT BOUCHAROU. By Janet Adam Smith	145
THOMAS SPENCE, 1750-1814. By W. H. G. Armytage	146
RADIO DOOMSDAY. By Sagittarius	146
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
American Social Realism. By Basil Taylor	147
Radio Notes. By William Salter	147
The Movies. By William Whitebait	147
CORRESPONDENCE	148
From J. B. Priestley; D. N. Pritt, K.C.; C. H. Norman; Henry Gibbs; David MacMichael; Ronald Bottrall; and Hugo Manning.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	150
CRICKET AT BRIGHTON. By Alan Ross	151
REVIEWS:	Page
Language, Truth and Logic. By Marcus Dick	151
Enduring China. By Dorothy Woodman	152
When Voltaire Came. By K. John	152
Christie Jubilee. By Ralph Partridge	154
India, Free But Disillusioned. By Bernard Fonseca	155
This Obscene Little Personage. By Montagu Slater	155
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	156
CHESS. By Assiac	158

The Shadow and the Substance

MR. MALIK cannot really have expected to substitute a Mao Tse-tung for a Chinese Nationalist delegate by a mere ruling from the Chair. We should, however, have felt happier about British support of America on this purely procedural point if Britain were making it clear that she will demand representation of the actual Government of China on the Security Council when it comes up as "a matter of substance." Having laid it down that the issue of Chinese representation on the Security Council is not to be connected with that of the war in Korea we cannot, with reasonable consistency, fail now to advance the proposal to accept the representation of the Chinese Government we have recognised. To maintain this position may annoy the State Department, but it is an issue on which all the world knows that we are right. To default would be to lose respect in Lake Success, as well as in India and the East.

If the present temper continues, Moscow's decision to return to the Security Council only spells a period of further deadlock. Russia will veto events in Korea which cannot be vetoed since they have happened, and the United States will presumably block Communist China's entry on to the Council. In that case, the world would await uneasily the outbreak of a world war, arising either out of Korea or, more dangerous still, out of American action in Formosa. We must hope that there may be enough sane opinion in America to put a stop to the Formosan activities of General MacArthur, who is hobnobbing with Chiang Kai-shek and apparently permitting the Nationalists to continue to blockade, and even to bomb, Chinese towns in spite of Mr. Truman's specific orders to the contrary, when Formosa was taken under American protection.

Is there no way out of the deadlock? The Russians must have observed that the United Nations cannot give way on the issue of aggression, and that to allow the war to continue means that America every day becomes more colossally armed and more likely to send into the Korean peninsula forces which will blast their way into North Korea, perhaps reaching a point only forty miles from Vladivostock. The Americans are also being reminded by influential voices that such a re-conquest would be barren in the extreme, since they would have to destroy the country they are liberating, finding themselves in the end in the absurd position of having permanently to occupy it as a conquering army. They may also have noticed that, by becoming so heavily engaged in the Far East, they will certainly increase the temptation for the Soviet Union to inspire other ventures in Europe or the Middle East.

In any case the dangers of world war are obvious. We suggest that, since no formula will breach the America-Soviet gulf, we should have recourse to a League of Nations device: all parties should be told that other issues must be put on one side until a cease-fire had been arranged on a basis which would not put any premium on aggression. The Northern armies would have to retire into the Northern area, and Southern Korea would have to be occupied by troops which had not been already fighting in the war. Since Asiatics have memories which make them dislike being occupied by White troops, soldiers from India, Pakistan and other Asian countries might well form the nucleus of such a United Nations force. Once such a cease-fire could be arranged—and it is not impossible if Russia and America both desire to avoid world war—the future of Korea, safeguards against aggression, and the recognition of China and settlement in the Far East, might be discussed in a more rational mood.

A Lesson in Democracy

In the face of civil war, King Leopold has climbed down and agreed to delegate his powers to Prince Baudouin, although he held out until even his Social Christian advisers, who brought him home to Belgium, were ready to abandon him. Even now, he has given no formal undertaking to leave the country nor promised unconditionally to abdicate when the Crown Prince comes of age next year.

This compromise is not substantially different from that rejected by the Socialists in April, but they have accepted it for two reasons. First, they have made a show of strength sufficient to convince Leopold that they were not bluffing, and to serve as a warning for the future. Secondly, there was a danger that they would lose control of the mass movement if a settlement had not been reached before open insurrection broke out.

The shadow of 1848 hung over the events of the last week. There was a popular outcry against a monarch who was careless of constitutional safeguards and prepared to disrupt his country to satisfy his personal honour. There were signs, moreover, that in the industrial areas, the workers were moving on from protests against Leopold to radical social demands. Our own correspondent reports from Liège, the centre of the struggle in Wallonia, that when the settlement was announced the strikers at first wanted to press on for unconditional abdication and a full victory on the social front. It took all

the authority of their leaders, and news of a return to work elsewhere in the country, to persuade them to call off their campaign.

It is now clear that the Social Christians grossly over-estimated their strength. Their nominal victory in the plebiscite and the ensuing general election disguised the facts that their main support lay in the small towns and villages of Flanders and that the Liberal, Socialist and Communist opposition controlled the industrial areas and, through the trade unions, had a grip on the vital industries and services which could paralyse the country's economy in a few days. By refusing to settle the royal question peaceably, the King's adherents aroused a bitterness which was bound to end in violence, especially when they began to use armed police on a large scale, interfere with local government and prepare to suppress opposition by force. These measures recoiled on their own heads, and the shooting of three workers in Liège stiffened popular resistance.

The victory of the Left is incomplete, since the social and economic demands have been recognised only in principle, while the uneasy relations between Flanders and Wallonia have been worsened and not stabilised by this conflict around the person of the King. That fundamental division will remain. But the Catholic Right has been routed, and the domination of Flemish clericalism over the Belgian people has been broken. If direct action rather than formal democratic methods has had to be used, the blame rests with the Social Christians who refused to face the fact that a bare majority can unmake a King, but is useless to restore one. The Belgian people have had to teach an autocratically minded monarch a lesson in democracy.

Problems of Defence

Last week's re-armament proposals, which involved the unexpectedly small addition of £100,000,000 to this year's estimate of £780 million, were seemingly a provisional sum based on estimates of the maximum we were likely to spend this year: until 1951, the switch to re-armament will not be big enough either to demand the introduction of a war economy and wartime controls, or to threaten inflation. On the other hand, detailed plans about to be announced involve equipment of all three Services so that the scale of re-armament can be smoothly and rapidly increased—at a cost which the public will soon know. On the manpower side, instead of extending the service of conscripts, the Minister is clearly relying on the Class A Reserve in order to provide seasoned men for such extra commitments as the brigade group which is being organised for Korea. In the longer term, it is hoped to improve the rate and quality of regular recruitment not, as Mr. Churchill urged, by a general increase of rates of pay, but by widening the differential between the tradesmen and the non-specialist—as well as by introducing the long overdue difference between the pay of the regular recruit and the national service man.

The Government aim is still to deter aggression and not to take the irrevocable step of making war the sole purpose of our economy. Moreover, the complete re-equipment of the British armed forces is economically impossible without firm Atlantic agreements on the way the financial burden is to be shared; and these agreements are under discussion. Finally, the size and nature of Britain's contribution to Western European defence can only be decided on the basis of a French defence policy, of which at present there is no sign whatsoever. Congress, we recognise, wants to know what British contribution will complement the enormous U.S. programme. But, with so many variables in the equation, it would be military—as well as political—insanity to rush prematurely into vast expenditure.

Business for Brighton

The agenda for the Trades Union Congress to be held in a month's time reflects much less concern with the international situation than with the bread-and-butter problems of working-class life. The resolutions indicate that by far and away the greatest concern of trade unionists is with the cost of living; and the suggestions made range from price control and profit limitation to the reduction of purchase tax—if need be, by curtailing expenditure on armaments. There is no indication from the agenda that there is any strong demand for further large extensions of nationalisation, though there is evidence of widespread dissatisfaction with the composition of the Boards which at present administer nationalised industries, and with the amount of compensation granted to expropriated shareholders.

The N.U.R. and several other unions call for the abolition of compulsory arbitration—a system which was bound to forfeit respect when it became clear that the objectivity of official arbitrators was hopelessly compromised by the Government's general directive that, broadly speaking, there should be no wage increases except on the basis of higher production. An interesting suggestion is made by the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, that both arbitration procedure and wages policy should be supervised and co-ordinated by a National Wages Board. It seems doubtful, however, whether many unions would be prepared to concede to such a Board more than advisory powers.

Beyond Eboli

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has been discussing Signor De Gasperi's new Bill for a ten-year programme of land improvement in the South. Drawing partly on Marshall Aid "counterpart funds," the Government proposes the expenditure of one milliard lire (about £600,000 at the present rate of exchange), of which 300 millions are to be spent on land improvement directly dependent on the distribution of land to the peasants, 450 millions on irrigation and ancillary works, 50 millions on the systematisation of river, and so forth. But past experience of land improvement in Italy suggests that little or nothing will be achieved without a fundamental change in the pattern of ownership throughout the whole Southern peninsular, as well as in Sicily and Sardinia. Between 1923 and 1934 the Fascists are reliably estimated to have spent 17,000 million lire (or about 15 times as much at present prices) on land improvement and *bonifice*. Apart from one or two celebrated examples, such as that of the Pontine Marshes, the greater part of this money was entirely wasted through the refusal of the great landowners to play their part. The last state of Southern Italy was, indeed, worse than the first.

Signor De Gasperi follows in these ill-omened footsteps. Under irresistible pressure from the peasants, he has been obliged to order the immediate expropriation of 40,000 acres (about the extent of one large Southern estate), and now proposes the eventual expropriation of 1,460,000 more. But a bird in the bush is by no means the same, especially in the case of Italian land settlement, as a bird in the hand. Out of the paltry 300 millions to be spent on land improvement linked with land settlement, part apparently will be spent on improving the unexpropriated portions of estates subject to partial division. The rest of the money will be spent as always before, through the absentee landlords; and, as before, can bring little or no benefit to the peasants. There is every reason to fear that the new Bill, like previous Christian Democratic projects of this nature, merely tinkers with a problem which cannot be solved without radical and even revolutionary changes in social structure.

Last Kuomintang Redoubt

A correspondent now visiting Formosa writes: Contrary to opinion in Hongkong, all and sundry in Formosa are certain that the invasion will *not* take place this year: "The best time has been missed, and the typhoon season is now here." However this may be, most observers agree that "Operation Taiwan" would not be easy for the Communists. There are probably 500,000 men in the Kuomintang army; and they are being paid in silver, and even fed. They are said to have about 300 American light tanks, placed in strategic positions for use as pillboxes, as the High Command is sure that in the event of an invasion all bridges would be blown up by saboteurs and tanks would in any case lose their mobility. The Kuomintang authorities also claim that, by a mass execution of a thousand men which they staged three months ago, they have eliminated the principal agents of the Communist fifth column—including, I am told, the late Chief of Staff of the Kuomintang armies.

A further ground for confidence—it may be over-confidence—here is that, as Governor, K. C. Wu, the late Mayor of Shanghai, has done a fair job. He has kept inflation in check, encouraged factories to enlarge, and greatly improved the economic situation in comparison with what it was. Enmity between the Kuomintang army and the Formosans seems to have lessened. Since the troops are fed and paid, there is less looting and "squeezing" of the population than there was; and some Formosans are undoubtedly disappointed that the People's Government seems unwilling to entertain any idea of granting the island autonomy. This, however, does not mean that Formosans would not take great pleasure in blowing up bridges and roads at the back of the Kuomintang forces, in the event of invasion.

The most disquieting feature in the situation is that nothing has really changed among the leadership of the Kuomintang. Their general attitude is: "Now that the Seventh Fleet is here, let them invade. It will start the World War, and we shall all go back to Peking at the end of it." K. C. Wu apart, Chiang Kai-shek and his generals are still as morally bankrupt as they were when they sold their battles to the Communists.

PARLIAMENT: Looking Back

Monday

THE House dispersed in sombre mood. Despite secret satisfaction that American rearmament solves the dollar problem, the optimism prevalent in pre-Korean days is naturally gone. The prospect of a new programme of cuts to balance part of the extra £100 millions for Defence exercised a depressing influence.

Most Labour Members agreed with the Wyatt-Crossman view that Mr. Churchill's demand for a secret session was a stunt intended to generate a coalition atmosphere. As Mr. Peart rightly pointed out, Labour Members, unsupported by the Opposition, were the first—back in 1946—to agitate for fuller Service information. But, for the majority, the disclosure of details about military formations would make little difference to the perpetual dilemma of how to police colonies, guard Britain from atomic attack, and find a striking force for the West, as well as export ever more and pay for a social welfare programme as indispensable to combat Communism as weapon stockpiles. *Pace* Mr. Bellenger, opposition to German rearmament is strong, and so is resistance to the kind of selective draft necessary to calling-up less conscripts for longer service. The Tory brigadiers' failure to advocate such measures full-bloodedly made a large part of the Defence debate ragged and stale.

Since the Spring manoeuvres, the Government has settled down better than expected. Had the Tories maintained the bodyline bowling, they might have forced a collapse. But public reaction to unsporting practices, some batsmen's ability to score boundaries, and the fact that the Opposition, though not its captain, was fairly content to go on fielding, provided a breathing-space. As a result, having dug in, the Government has successfully stood up to the occasional bouncer on the Parliamentary pitch.

Surreptitiously, the outcry against snap voting had some effect. Of more importance, though, was the Opposition's desire, despite the first flush, not to upset the Government too soon. Moreover, resigning themselves to taking no chances, Labour Members found new ways of countering trickery. Mr. Bing's device of adding his name to every prayer of annulment, to give himself virtually the whip-hand, scotched the Tory ruse of keeping Government supporters in suspense by tabling motions involving divisions and then withdrawing them at the last minute. Mr. Whiteley's marching orders have begun to read something like marching orders, instead of politely vague requests for attendance, and Members have acquired the habit of clocking both in and out. Thus, a recent Tory attempt to score a tactical victory by unexpectedly challenging a vote on groundnuts failed. The Government's narrow majority was present and correct.

It is dangerous, however, to be too clever. After an unsuccessful bid to count out the House during a midnight prayer last week, Major Poole and Mr. Usborne tried to force a division for the purpose of revealing Tory absenteeism, with the startling result—owing to the absence of official tellers—that they defeated their own Government without a division.

The improving economic, and the deteriorating military, situation, Labour's poise, and Tory electoral doubts, prolong this Parliament's uncertain life. Old issues are unconscionably slow a-dying, whilst new ideas, it seems, are having an extended gestation.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Picking and Choosing

IN such times as these it is the special function of the weekly reviews to discuss the complex realities behind the headlines of the popular press. The British people are much more politically mature than some leaders of public opinion imagine. If they are given a picture of events painted in simple blacks and whites, they suspect that something is being concealed from them; if they are told that the issue "is a perfectly simple one," they quite rightly start looking for the complications. In a mature democracy, national morale is not sustained by suppressing awkward facts or over-simplifying the issues which face the government, but by trying to achieve the frankest discussion of the situation in all its difficulties.

In times past the *Economist* has recognised this responsibility. We are the more surprised, therefore, at the curious attack which appeared in its last week's issue upon certain unnamed M.P.s who make a sharp distinction between United Nations' action in Korea and American action in Formosa, and ask for a clarification of British policy in the event of a clash between the Americans and the Chinese Communists. Among other things, the *Economist* suggests that these backbenchers are, "quibbling and fault-finding"; spreading "confusion and uncertainty"; causing "a public display of divided views and irresolute will"; and finally, of course, speaking with "the voice of appeasement." Having thus scolded the naughty boys who *will* ask in Parliament the embarrassing questions, which are being discussed up and down the country on the basis of quite inadequate information, the *Economist* concludes with a magisterial dictum:

> The British people cannot enjoy at one and the same time the benefits of collective security afforded by American power and the luxury of picking and choosing between the issues that arise in the cold war.

In this sentence our contemporary reveals the gulf which separates it both from reality and from the British people. The man in the street would certainly repudiate the definition of collective security as an Anglo-American alliance in which Britain must remain the junior and submissive partner. He passionately believes that collective security is a matter for the United Nations, and that the contribution of the British Commonwealth to it is at least as important as that of the U.S.A. If Mr. Attlee had dismissed as "quibbling and fault-finding" the criticism of the American action in Formosa, which came to him not only from the Labour backbenchers but from the Governments of Australia, Canada, India and Pakistan, he would have greatly increased the ghastly danger that the war in Korea may spread from Korea to the whole of the Far East and engulf the entire world.

Fortunately the Government, unlike the *Economist*, has not panicked. In the frankest terms it has explained to Mr. Truman the Commonwealth's objection to his actions in Formosa and reminded him that, if an American President has to frame his policy in accordance with public opinion, so does the British Cabinet. It has further refused to permit British ships to co-operate directly with the American Fleet off Formosa and is continuing to use the whole influence of the Commonwealth in Washington and Peking to avert a clash. It is only so long as the British people believe that the Government is "picking and choosing between issues" that national and Commonwealth unity can be maintained.

The comments of the *Economist* indeed show how fortunate it is that we have a Labour Government in office and not a coalition dominated by Mr. Churchill. For Mr. Churchill seems fully to share the *Economist's* contempt for legal niceties and disapproval of the British recognition of Communist China—which is a way of saying that it dismisses as unimportant the question whether we are to have a world war or not. By ties of blood and tradition Mr. Churchill feels that Anglo-Saxon unity is the single condition of Western survival and he is as willing as ever to submit to American policies even when he knows them to be mistaken.

Of course, this is much easier for him than for Mr. Attlee because, on the central issue which divides Washington and London, he takes the American view. He, too, believes that Communism is a single "disease" spreading from a single cancer which can only be resisted by the weight of Anglo-Saxon force. To understand that it is a social force which grows as capitalism declines is not within the scope of his understanding—or, apparently, of the *Economist's*. To make distinctions between Mao and Stalin or between conditions in, say, Indo-China and Czechoslovakia is, in their view, to harbour dangerous thoughts; to consider Nehru an ally, whose views are worthy of consideration, presumably seems to Mr. Churchill a piece of self-deception. The task he envisages is a simple one—to gear the whole vast industrial potential of the Atlantic community to war in time to deter or, if necessary, to defeat the Communist armies. He may possibly regard the American protection of Formosa as tactically ill-timed. But in principle he is not opposed to it, and he certainly would never have made it an issue if he had been Prime Minister. Faced with the choice between a row with the U.S.A. or a course of action which drove India into neutrality, he would not hesitate to prefer the latter.

It is this ingenuous Churchillian simplification which the *Economist* adjures us to adopt as the basis of British policy. Yet both Mr. Churchill and the *Economist* are well able to assess the present balance of military power. Even if we can still reckon on an American supremacy in atomic warfare, the Atlantic powers, as Mr. Churchill made clear in his speech last week, are faced with grievous odds. If Communist China finally throws in her lot with Russia, or gets entangled in a war with America about Formosa, those odds become overwhelming. How long could Burma and Siam and French Indo-China, or the British in Hongkong and Malaya survive in a general war? What would be the effect on Western Europe if Communism won a series of crushing victories in the Far East, as a result of an American action taken without

the authorisation of the United Nations? These are surely questions which any responsible person must ask in considering the problem of Formosa. To dismiss those who ask them as appeasers is to be guilty of the double talk which is rightly condemned when Communists adopt it.

But the difference between ourselves and the *Economist* goes far deeper than the special issue of Formosa. Another point of difference lies in our assessment of the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A. as protagonists of democracy in the Far East. Industrially and in terms of military potential the Americans, of course, are vastly stronger than we are. But the course of the battle in Korea is already revealing the limited effectiveness of such physical strength in the battle for Asia. The British Commonwealth, which includes a free India, Pakistan and Ceylon, possesses, if only in a limited degree as yet, a genuine appeal to Asiatic peoples. For the first time in history equality of nationhood has been achieved within it between "imperialist" and "proletarian" peoples. Given ten years of peace, British policy in South Eastern Asia could create a situation in which the peoples themselves would be willing to defend democracy against Communism. In Burma, indeed, one Asian people is already doing so with some success, whereas in Korea the American G.I. has been told to regard every civilian as a potential enemy and apparently is now being compelled to burn down the villages in an effort to eradicate the guerillas.

Of this British policy—whose success has been in such sharp contrast with the American policy in China—recognition of the Peking Government forms an integral part. This recognition connotes not an approval of Communism as such, but the acceptance of an accomplished revolutionary fact which no military force can reverse. To win support in Asia the Western World must show itself ready to accept national and social revolutions and must seek to assist them in maintaining their independence of Russian imperialism. Unfortunately this British effort has been ham-strung by the heavy-fisted American crusade against Communism. It is no secret that first Mr. Marshall and then Mr. Acheson have shared British scepticism about this crusade, which was forced on the Administration for purely domestic reasons. Mr. Acheson, indeed, made no objection to the British recognition of China; and he was very near to following the British example when the invasion of Southern Korea upset his plans. At this moment once again, quite irrelevant domestic pressures were decisive in formulating American foreign policy. In a judgment of Solomon, Mr. Truman conceded to Mr. Acheson the defence of South Korea and to Mr. Johnson and the Republicans the "protection" of Formosa.

In the coming months it will be the task of British statesmanship to enable Mr. Acheson, despite all the pressures in Congress and the hysteria of war, to adopt in Asia the policy which Britain has applied tentatively but with growing success. To accept supinely American policies, which the State Department itself knows to be mistaken, would merely provoke war and court defeat. Of these mistaken American policies Formosa is a glaring example.

Through American Eyes

WHAT even *Time* magazine, original proponent of the American Century, calls a "dirty, small-bore war" has now been going on in Korea for a month. Walter Lippman had written earlier that without the United Nations flag it would be "a dirty little war." A few fanatics from the screwball fringe write letters to the newspapers welcoming the war and calling for atom bombs to be dropped on the North Koreans, but most of even those Americans who have been pressing for a showdown with the Kremlin realize that they now have it instead with Pyongyang, and may still get it with Vishinsky, but not yet with the Red Army.

There has been unusually articulate support for President Truman's moves in business circles. The National Association of Manufacturers and other industrial groups have fairly snapped to their corporate equivalent of military posture. Yet the stock market has spoken still more loudly by a fall in prices which has wiped out the gains of six months of bull market. Whether or not this marks the end of the Cold War or the beginning of a hotter one are questions on which American experts speculate and the American people ruminate. But almost every American dislikes the Korean setting in which these questions have now been propounded, and has one misgiving or another about the answers which may grow out of a small but protracted campaign.

There can be no doubt that the overwhelming majority of Americans accept the responsibilities to which President Truman and the United Nations have now committed them. There is almost equally little doubt that the acceptance has been something between reluctant and queasy. The diplomatic correspondent of the *New York Times* reported a few days ago: "In short, the business-as-usual of the future means the business of policing the world." The policeman at this moment looks like nothing so much as a man going to the dentist.

If the American reaction to the fighting in Korea has not been dynamic, it has also not been hesitant and it has been more undivided than in any national crisis since Pearl Harbour. Congress, which passed the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme of $1 billion last year by a vote of 238 to 122 passed it again last week—and within a few months of election—by a vote of 361 to 1. Press reaction to President Truman's defence expediture plans has been uniformly favourable, although these plans will increase American military spending from $13.5 billion to $23.5 billion, or nearly two-thirds of all the money spent by the Federal Government at present tax rates. Formosa, Indo-China, Iran, Yugoslavia, Greece or Berlin could send these figures soaring even higher almost any day, but it is already clear that no politician, at any rate, is frightened this year of the voters' reaction to sharply-increased taxes.

Whether or not hoarding has started on any serious scale is difficult to determine in a situation where supply was easy in almost all commodities except steel for automobiles and tubes for television sets. There has been a typically American reaction of heavily increased buying "to beat the hoarders." Hotel suites in Washington are being leased again on an annual basis by corporations interested in war contracts. There is a new crop of those weekly news letters for businessmen which flourish on the unfounded suspicion that newspapers become slightly Socialist in wartime. Most American businessmen have remembered what they learned in the last war about how expense accounts, advertising appropriations, goodwill investment and even plant expansion can be handled by accountants and lawyers under the strictest excess-profits tax law. The bars of Washington hotels and the night clubs and theatres of New York are consequently filled with frenetic if not good cheer.

Fear of another world war is only one—even if an important one—of the pit-of-the-stomach feelings which Americans are now expressing only in conversation, and surprisingly little even in talk. After a month, it has become clear that earlier hopes of a quick, clean little police action were unfounded. To win this war is going to take more infantry soldiers, more home-front mobilisation and more risks than was at first expected even by the Administration. Americans don't miss the bugle-blowing which they are not hearing, and there is widespread acceptance of the thesis recently advanced by one of America's wisest contemporary historians, Gerald Johnson, that policemen can break up a riot efficiently without singing at their work. Yet intervention with American soldiers in an Asiatic civil war has turned out to be a good deal grimmer than Greece or any other assignment the Truman Doctrine has yet brought.

Three reactions can be noted, not all of them in the same Americans. One is to question what has been done with the $50 billion spent on the fighting services in the last four years of peace. This is far less strident than the clamour for a scapegoat which followed Pearl Harbour, and its public expression is aimed less at the fighting services than at Secretary of Defence Louis Johnson, who has an unfortunate record of having combined an economy programme with fairly complacent statements about American preparedness. The current wisecrack in Washington is that he meant the army was ready to beat the Russians, not the North Koreans.

A second reaction is to worry about the number of commitments now involved in an all-out containment policy. It is only too easy for Americans to project in the imagination a possible Soviet nuisance policy which would embroil them in so many police actions all over the world that they would lose what small core of self-generated foreign policy they now have. This is no new feeling; it has been argued cogently if not effectively ever since 1947 by Walter Lippman, James P. Warburg and some of the other top foreign affairs authorities in the United States. It is likely to grow more effective as the Korean campaign drags on. Closely connected with this geographical anxiety is the old Europe-Asia argument which has never been finally settled in American

thinking since President Roosevelt gave the war against Hitler priority over the war against Japan. It is significant that those Republicans who have been most closely allied with pre-Pearl Harbour isolationism, the old America First movement and the China Lobby have been loudest in their support of the Korean police action. In a group picture with Trygve Lie and Secretary of State Dean Acheson they look not unhappy but slightly fidgety.

Finally, there is a very real although still hardly audible discontent with the American failure to launch any political programme in Asia commensurate with the military obligations now assumed. It would take more than the skill of American advertising (which was among the first to enlist) to make President Synghman Rhee look like the George Washington of his country; and, if there is a plan for Korea after victory, it is the first well-kept military secret of this war. Americans are acutely aware that their soldiers are now—like the British, the French, and the Dutch since 1945—fighting Asiatics without a programme of political and social reconstruction seductive enough to win native support on anything like the scale the Russians have won it with social revolution and land reform.

This would make President Truman's problem harder than it is if the Communists had not followed their usual course of losing friends and alienating people by their foreign propaganda line. Over the United Nations' defence of Korea, Henry A. Wallace has broken with the stalwarts of the Progressive party which nominated him for President in 1948. He is now being called a deserter by the *Daily Worker*. Gromyko's charge of illegality against the United Nations' decision to back the intervention has been too legalistic to be understood, let alone accepted. American liberals who back President Truman's action but want to strengthen it with a consistent political programme with some promise of liberation and economic opportunity for Asiatics are now more lonely than ever if they dare to speak out.

The Communists are no more responsible for this than the Red-baiting splurge of the last few months. This paroxysm of fear and insecurity has found no traitors but it has created a multitude of rabbits. It has also produced a taut and unreal atmosphere in Washington and New York in which political ideas become automatically suspect unless they fit the curious dialectics of reformed ex-Communists. This is one of the chief reasons why the Point Four programme has been so whittled in Congress that its value as a slogan has been seriously cut: it is, in fact, too constructive and not sufficiently anti-Communist to have 1950 political sex-appeal. Newspapers now publish ringing declarations that what the West needs is a crusading idea to believe in and fight for and, on the next page, statements by Senators and prelates that the nation has been traduced and betrayed by its intellectuals with ideas. Sir David Kelly in Moscow and Prime Minister Nehru in New Delhi may prove to be the most honest spokesmen left for a large number of Americans who believe that they face a problem in Asia too deeply political to be solved exclusively either by armies or by money.

New York. JOSEPH BARNES

London Diary

IN the argument that has developed since Ilya Ehrenburg's visit, there is one confusion that should be at once cleared up. When war talk begins, people in this country, which, because of its insular position, has always been able to afford to discuss issues in terms of morals, argue the rights and wrongs of the possible war. They reach a variety of different ethical and political positions. This is happening today. But if war actually came, the sense of national identity would over-ride doubts, and even convictions, in the vast majority of minds. I do not see how a rational man, weighing the proposition in the abstract, could refute Dr. Soper's dictum that Communism would be a lesser evil than atomic warfare—especially in view of the great probability that war would end in Communism. But I doubt if such remarks, which ignore the grim logic of his historical facts, really mean very much. For the actual threat of invasion unites this island instinctively and immediately. Many Communists would turn out to be national defenders of the country even though they remained Marxists. The effort to scarify the public by saying that Britain would undoubtedly be destroyed—a matter on which the experts seem to agree—would be equally irrelevant. Today, that and other factors may make those of us who keep our heads work desperately for peace without which neither the people of this island nor anything they care for is likely to survive. The essential point that I hope Ehrenburg reported to Molotov, who seems to have not understood it in the case of Yugoslavia, is that the war, if it happened, would cease to be about Communism or any other intelligible issue. It would just be a fight of one tightly welded social group instinctively resisting the effort of another alien group to take away its liberty.

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A great deal of rubbish is being talked at the moment both by Communists and anti-Communists about the peace campaign petition. Papers that like to be regarded as responsible are actually beginning the game of "smearing" people because they have signed it. This is altogether ridiculous, because many non-Communists who are asked whether atomic warfare ought to be banned feel that they have no alternative to saying "yes." When the Communists declare that they have 850,000 signatures in this country and a couple of million in France and so many million in each of the countries behind the Iron Curtain, clearly nothing whatever is proved except the rather obvious fact that most people do not want to die violent deaths or to multiply Hiroshimas and Nagasakis all over the world. The mass signatures behind the Iron Curtain obviously have no significance. They mean more in the West, but not at all what the Communists or their opponents want us to think they mean. I have in front of me, for instance, a letter from an old lady who writes to tell me that she has been spending her time collecting signatures in the street. "Well-to-do couples," she says, "usually refuse to sign." "Mothers with babies," on the other hand, are sure bets. "Young girls" sign less rarely than "boys" and so forth. In short, the whole demonstration is a very natural sign that ordinary men and women are sane enough to protest against the race-suicide that seems to be arranged for them.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Foot, the Chief Secretary to the Government of Nigeria, is probably the most progressive and forthright official in an authoritative position in any of the British colonies. He writes protesting against my remark in our issue of July 22 about the absence of "rapid, dramatic and imaginative steps towards self-government and self-improvement." My emphasis, however, was on the "self-improvement." I quoted, indeed, an official document which said that if the ten-year plan were carried out for Nigeria, it would not make any real difference to the condition of the mass of Nigerians. Mr. Foot is, however, so incensed by my failure to appreciate what he regards as spectacular *political* development that he omits altogether to mention my economic point, which is that real improvement depends on preventing private capitalism treating West Africa "almost exclusively as a source of raw materials." It is also true that while such incidents as the Enugu shooting occur, Africans, even of the most reasonable type, just do not believe in the reality of political change. Having said all this in self-defence, I agree that my phrase about lack of a dramatic step towards self-government was rash. The Coussey Committee in the Gold Coast and the Ibidan Conference in Nigeria were, as Mr. Foot says, dramatic in that they left to Africans to work out for themselves, on paper at least, the kind of government they wished, and it was certainly true that in Nigeria Africans are being encouraged to participate in various spheres of public life. I wish that Africans I have met were more impressed by these opportunities, but I apologise to Mr. Foot, realising that to the old stager in the Colonial Office, his own attitude to African problems and democratic advance actually made in Nigeria must certainly seem recklessly rapid.

* * *

Among the many good men who have recently died in the Pacific I particularly mourn the death of Stefan Schimanski. He had been editor of *World Review*, which had become a valuable and enterprising paper under his care; he had written on a wide variety of subjects for the *Manchester Guardian*, and he died in an aircraft crash on his way to Korea as correspondent for *Picture Post*. He was a shy man whose work I believe would have become important as he gained confidence. He had a Continental rather than a typically British culture, in spite of his Public School and University background. He understood the cultures of Russia and Poland and the doctrines of Sartre. He was particularly proud of introducing the writings of Camus to this country. One of his great heroes was Albert Schweitzer whom he first met through a newspaper interview. Friends who saw him before he left for the Far East found him transformed with excitement at the prospect of discovering a new world. He intended to interview not only MacArthur and Synghman Rhee, but Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung.

I wonder who first coined the phrase "where there is death there is hope"? Mr. Churchill quoted it in the House of Commons last week as an aphorism of Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn's. I am not quite sure in what sense either of them meant it. I first remember hearing it used by my father many years ago, and I don't like to think how often I have repeated it since. Harold Laski gave it new currency when he was exasperated by Ernest Bevin's handling of the Palestine crisis. As I originally heard it, its general significance was that we need not despair, since even the oldest and most famous of politicians do sometimes make way for the younger generation.

* * *

A conversation with one of the most successful publicity men in this country prepared me more than a year ago for the news that seaside resorts are becoming dissatisfied with the poster attraction of young women in Bikini bathing suits. It was already apparent, he told me, that the feminine form was no longer the only magnetic subject for a popular magazine cover, and he added that "cheesecake" (which perhaps I should explain means in Fleet Street legs, lingerie, etc.) is no longer the most important item even in a Sunday or daily picture paper. The nude cutie must gracefully give way to the cuddlesome infant. If you want to see this new development at its best, look back at the front page of the *Sunday Pictorial* during the past twelve months. Psychologists and sociologists will come to our rescue with explanations of what may after all be only a temporary change of fashion, obscurely dictated perhaps by our present anxiety for the perpetuity of our species, or, more simply, by the feeling that if our generation has failed there is some compensation in the splendid physical and mental qualities of the next. Another suggestion is that we are tired of sex and in a mood for innocence. Anyway, this seems to be the answer to the pathetic dilemma of places like Whitley Bay and Rhyl whose empty poster spaces should now be filled with bonny babies instead of bathing belles.

* * *

One of the oddest examples of propaganda in the Korean conflict comes from the Phyonyang radio. On July 21, in a broadcast about American prisoners, a North Korean commentator attacked the American way of life which sent men who could not read or write to carry enlightenment to other countries. He went on:

> Mostly they volunteered under the Seductive Service Act, thinking they would have the comfort and perquisites of occupation forces.

This is a new idea for a recruiting poster.

* * *

At an American University which has so far maintained the Liberal notion that ideas should be examined before they are judged, an enraged alumnus demanded at a public gathering to know whether it was true that students were "taught the doctrines of Communism." The President replied, "Yes, it is true. It is also true that medical students here are taught about syphilis. It does not mean that we approve, or are infected with, either of them."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The President informed the Conference that the B.B.C. was recording part of the afternoon's proceedings. If the Conference lapsed the lapses would be known to all the world. He urged them to suppress themselves, but did not wish Conference to be other than its natural self.—*The Methodist Recorder.* (E. Robbins.)

King Leopold is indistinguishable from an Englishman of the finest type—so that it comes as a surprise when he breaks into fluent French.—Letter in *Evening Standard.* (O. J.)

Two dentures found under a seat in a Beckenham cinema after the last performance of *Kiss In The Dark* are still unclaimed.—*Sunday Chronicle.* (Sylvia E. Colston.)

Story of a police car's 50-60 miles per hour chase from Twickenham to Hanworth in pursuit of a Coca-Cola salesman out to beat his rival to a big order was told at Feltham magistrates' court yesterday.—*Surrey Comet.* (J. E. Spencer.)

"The true story of the worst criminal in London's history. An admirably ghoulish play suitable for all the family."—From poster for Shepherd's Bush Empire. (H. Galliner.)

In view of the outstanding performances of their cricket team in the second and third Test matches, is there any longer any valid reason why the West Indies should not be granted Dominion status?—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (F. Keanley.)

Trawlers in Trouble

I. HIGH COSTS AND IDLE SHIPS

It was once said by some sturdy optimist—Mr. Aneurin Bevan, I fancy—that nothing could go far wrong with an island country whose structure was that of a lump of coal, floating in a bowl of fish. There is certainly a logical train of thought leading to fish from coal, for it takes one hundredweight of coal to land a stone of fish from the North Sea; but fishermen ask you to-day what happens to this reassuring view of Britain's situation if not enough coal can be mined at the "right" price, and not enough people can be found to pay for and eat the fish. It is too soon yet to tell how the drifters and trawler-drifters will fare in the 1950 herring season; but, so far as white (demersal) fish are concerned, a tour of the East Coast and Channel fishing ports has led me to the definite conclusion that all sections of the British fishing industry—In-shore, Near and Middle, and Distant Waters—are in serious trouble. The Government's recent decision to divert £1.7 millions from the food subsidies to assist catchers of white fish in the Near and Middle waters, including in-shore fishermen, for a period of six months, is a palliative which will do little to solve the basic problem.

The difficulties which now confront the fishing industry are not, as is often supposed, the direct consequence of the decontrol of prices which came into effect last April. Trawler owners, skippers and hands all complain bitterly that the short-lived scramble by middlemen for quick profits, when control was removed, was no fault of theirs, and that Government spokesmen did the industry a serious injury when they exhorted the public to force prices down by refraining from purchases, when it ought to have been obvious to the authorities that the price-bubble would soon burst, as it did in a few days. The result, they argue, of Ministers' ill-timed exhortations was to accentuate an existing tendency on the part of the consumer to eat less fish—a tendency already set in motion by the competition of an increasing number of alternative foodstuffs, such as eggs, fruit and imported *charcuterie*, for the scarce shillings in the housewife's purse. There is some justice in these complaints; but, though Mr. Maurice Webb may have lost his party some votes in the fishing ports, the public revolt against fish, or at least against fish at existing price and quality, dates further back than last April. The application of controlled maximum prices to the various categories of white fish, regardless of size or freshness, to some extent masked the present fishery crisis; but its first beginnings were visible a year ago.

Here it should perhaps be explained that, in terms of fishery economics, there is a sharp line of demarcation between the trawlers operating in Near and Middle Waters and those whose catches come from the Barents Sea, Bear Island and other Arctic grounds. In the North Sea, in particular, the disappointing history of the years immediately following World War I has repeated itself: by 1949, intensive fishing, not merely by British but by aggressively competitive Danish, Dutch and Norwegian trawlers, had made heavy inroads into the stock of fish replenished during the comparative rest given to these waters during the Second World War. Prime "table" fish—sole and plaice—which form financially the mainstay of this section of the industry might not be hard to sell, but they were once again becoming increasingly hard to catch. On the other hand, the Distant Water trawlers were throwing on the market a "mass-produced" volume of cod, some of which was frequently landed in stale condition owing to the great length of the "economic" trip; the operations of the Hull fleet were calculated to lead to a glut as soon as this sort of fish ceased to be, as it was in wartime, Hobson's Choice. To-day the Hull Trawlers' Association is glumly proposing to restrict landings by a laying-up scheme. This is hard on the skippers and hands involved, although some of them have got tidy savings from high wartime earnings. But, as for the owners, they have got themselves largely to blame for present troubles. During the war, when the Government's one concern was to see that the population got something, however unpalatable, to eat, they secured for cod a controlled "ceiling" price (4s 9d per stone, unheaded, against 1s 8d realised on the average in 1935) which was proportionately much higher than the maximum increases allowed in the case of other fish. The high profits accruing from immense landings of cod, coupled with what has been described as the Hull owners' "ungodly pride," led to the building, since the war, of bigger and bigger trawlers, involving extremely high costs of construction and operation.

Costs, in all sections of the industry, have to-day become a headache. The wage bill, excluding amounts paid in "poundage" or "shares," is roughly treble what is was in 1938. Coal at Grimsby has risen from 21s 8d to 61s 8d

a ton, and fuel oil from 52s 6d to 130s. Even more serious has been the increase in the cost of gear. A heavy Iceland trawl now costs £90, as compared with £22 in 1938, and North Sea trawls have risen from £9 15s and £14 15s (according to size) to £40 and £75 respectively. Even an in-shore fisherman, working, say, a small, 27ft overall boat, now has to pay £17 for a trawl which he could have got for £6 before the war. When I was recently at Hastings, the Channel was alive with mackerel, but not a boat was out after them: a set of mackerel nets for drifting would now cost over £500. Moreover, not only does submerged war-wreckage round the coasts and in Near Waters play havoc with nets, but the pre-war trawls were made of manilla, whereas trawls to-day, made of sisal, have a normal life of barely one-third that of their 1938 predecessors.

Apart from operating costs it must also be borne in mind that a trawler to-day involves a much heavier charge for depreciation on capital than was the case before the war. In the course of my tour I came across one 96ft diesel-engined trawler which had been delivered last year to its present owner for £26,000. But this was a "slimmed" job, from which every marginal extravagance had been trimmed. On an average, it is probably safe to say that a 100ft trawler, which could have been built before the war for under £12,000, now costs at least £40,000. The comparable increase in the case of a 160ft trawler is from £35,000 to £90,000, and the cost of the large post-war vessels of 180ft or more, operating from Hull in Distant Waters, ranges from £130,000 to £140,000.

On the basis of these costs—bearing always in mind that old trawlers which have been "written down" to nothing in the books are more favourably placed in relation to the important item of depreciation—the running charges per operational day of a 160ft trawler can be reckoned at £180, while those of a 180ft vessel may be as high as £250. This means that, on a typical 20-day trip in Distant Waters, a big trawler's voyage account adds up to anything from £3,500 to £5,000—figures which can only be covered by immense landings of the coarse, relatively cheap, fish mostly obtainable from the Arctic grounds. In the North Sea, where trips range from seven to twelve days, the voyage accounts which I was shown of a modern, economical trawler of just under a 100ft overall, showed that, on a year's working, the costs per operational day were £67, before allowance was made for depreciation. In this section of the industry, on the basis of figures shown me, it would appear that typical 85-100ft trawlers need to gross from £600 to £800 per trip before they show a profit, after depreciation. With this assertion many of the crews would quarrel, since they argue, fairly enough, that managers frequently recoup their losses from the profits of subsidiary companies supplying such things as gear and ice; but they are valid in the sense that, from the owner's point of view, the only alternative to reaching this "paying dead-line" is to lay the trawlers up. And, between Tyne and Thames, there are already plenty of fishing vessels lying idle this summer.

AYLMER VALLANCE

(To be continued)

The Missing Pages

FOUR pages are missing from the Atomic Warfare *Manual of Basic Training* just issued by the Home Office. It skips from page 34 to page 39, from para. 22 to para. 27; and that the omission is deliberate is revealed by the note: "the pagination of this pamphlet is not continuous, as it may be necessary to introduce new pages at a later date." It is fairly obvious, however, from the context—the omission follows an account of how radio-active material may gain entrance into the body—and from the precise numbering of the paragraphs, that the authorities got cold feet and withdrew a section dealing with the long-term biological effects of radio-activity. If you are trying to persuade Civil Defence recruits to get the atomic bomb "into proper perspective" (*i.e.*, as just "another" weapon, albeit complicated by the novel character of radio-activity) you cannot afford to blur that perspective by considerations of what its effects could be on future generations. Yet it is these —even more than blast or flash-burn, or the deaths from the destruction of the bone marrow and with it the source of both red and white blood corpuscles, or poisoning by radio-active products—that make the atomic bomb completely different from any previous factor in war. It is not the extent of physical destruction or even the enormous number of immediate casualties which makes the atomic bomb so peculiarly diabolical; it is the fact that it can pollute the life-stream of the human race. It can produce mutations in the hereditary characteristics which will be passed on to future generations.

For instance, the manual is reassuring about the risks of sterility amongst those exposed to the bomb. "A risk of temporary sterility may arise. It should be noted, however, that the close investigations which have been and are in fact still being conducted in the two Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki show clearly that this is purely a temporary phase." It does not add that there is no evidence to refute, in the human "experiment," what is known from the irradiation of animals —that the gene of sterility may be passed on to future generations. This "death-gene," as H. J. Muller has called it, is the time-bomb which extinguishes the line. What has been found, in animals, is that sterility does not supervene immediately after exposure to gamma rays. The onset is delayed, and in the interim the animal may procreate and pass on the damaged genes. After temporary sterility, reproduction may be restored, but the damage may have been done.

There is, of course, no reason why a training manual should discuss the profound moral implications of the atomic bomb. It has to assume a state of affairs in which human reason and moral values no longer count. In that event, if we are involved in an atomic war, we must, as the manual insists, find means to mitigate the consequences and reduce the casualties. A Civil Defence Service and the improvised palliatives suggested are the least we can do. The manual does not pretend that there is any effective defence against the bomb itself or any hope for those who receive the full impact of the bomb, and such measures as it suggests are possible only on the periphery of the explosion. At least, it does not follow Sir John Anderson in the cynical assumption that all that is needed to protect us from flash-burn is a sheet of brown-paper. On the contrary, it says: "Heat-flash is capable of igniting inflammable material such as dark cloth, paper, etc." Basing its conclusions on the lessons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki as to the range of blast, heat-flash, radiation, etc., it assumes, that one bomb might kill 50,000 people in a British built-up area. But, leaving out the Hydrogen Bomb, it is surely unsafe to assume that future atomic bombs will not be more powerful than the first two, or that because an air-explosion produces more widespread material damage, ground-explosions may not be tried. Even the manual admits that a burst in water produces the maximum area of contamination. That is to say, the mist thrown up would cover several square miles with radio-active elements. That radiation would persist; and, apart from the killings, it would make the area uninhabitable.

For how long? Some radio-active elements can persist (according to the glossary of the manual) for millions of years. The only way of dealing with an area (or clothes, for that matter) contaminated with radio-active chemicals is to abandon it—if need be for 5,000 years!—until the radio-activity has spent itself. As the manual says, "There is at present no other method (except natural decay) of decontamination suitable for use in Civil Defence."

If the bomb is exploded above the ground, the radio-active elements of the bomb itself are carried upwards in the mushroom of the explosion. In black type the manual gives the assurance: "The likelihood of these products being deposited in dangerous amounts on the target area from high air-burst bombs is small." But it concedes that a dangerous deposit might be brought to earth down-wind of the target by a rainstorm. "It would occur in open country where little harm might result." Unless, of course (as the manual does not say), the radio-active elements combined with the chemicals in the soil affected our food. Indeed, all food within the range of gamma-radiation (2½ miles radius of the smallest bomb) will have to be destroyed, because even canned foods will be contaminated.

Having recited all the effects of blast, heat-flash, fire-storms (in which the explosion generates its own hurricane as draught for the fires it starts), gamma-radiation, fission-poisoning, etc., the manual offers this kind of consolation:—

> The walls of ordinary dwelling-houses and surface shelters of the last-war type would afford a definite though limited degree of protection depending on the distance from the point of the explosion.

Apart from make-do-and-mend, the Government has not attempted to define a constructive policy for Atomic Defence. Perhaps one is coming, or perhaps it is recognised that, to meet even a fraction of the contingencies, the cost and economic disruption of the country

caused by large-scale measures would be prohibitive.

We are in a quandary. Obviously some kind of Atomic Defence Service has to be organised, and some system devised for the 400,000 homeless who might or might not survive a single bomb of the Hiroshima-Nagasaki type. But, for all its reticence, the manual has enough to say about the appalling effects to impress anyone who reads it with the feeling that the atomic war is not "just another weapon" but the *reductio ad absurdum* of war. "We shall not," says the Prime Minister in his foreword, "abandon our hope that an effective system of international control may ultimately be adopted by the United Nations; and we for our part will certainly do all in our power to make such an agreement possible." Time is running out. The *Bulletin* of the American Atomic Scientists has a cover on which, when America alone had the bomb, the hands of the symbolic clock stood at ten minutes to twelve. Now that the Russians have it, the clock registers three minutes to midnight.

RITCHIE CALDER

Malan's Racialism

(By a Correspondent)

[This is the second of a series of three articles]

FOR the last two years the main Opposition —the United Party—has concentrated most of its attacks upon the South African Nationalists by declaring that *Apartheid* was an election slogan only, meant nothing and could not be implemented. They have now discovered that they were utterly wrong, and this has weakened their opposition. The Nationalist Party is led by men who were distinguished in South African political society by knowing what they wanted and by their determination to get it. They set out to create a "racial" State in which the general assumption amongst Europeans of White supremacy should be protected against any evidence of error. They claimed that each of the ethnic groups in South Africa wished to preserve its separate identity and to live its own separate life. To uphold this myth, they are ready to use every device of law and administration to ensure that no one has the chance to prove them wrong without being subject to criminal penalties. *Apartheid* had a meaning for the Nationalists, and it is now clear what that meaning was and how it is being carried in effect. With the end of this Parliamentary session the Government has, in spite of its small majority, completed the whole machinery of its racial State, with one exception—the abolition of the Native communal vote and the removal of Coloured voters from the communal roll. Its future actions will now be concentrated upon putting that machinery into action.

The policy of the Malan Government over these past two years can be divided into two parts. First, it set out to pass a series of social laws, to enforce with legal sanctions the social pattern which it had determined was the only pattern for South Africa. Secondly, it foresaw that it might lose its political power under the normal hazards of the democratic system, and that it might have to face a united and angry Non-European population driven into greater organisational unity than ever before by its policy. The Nationalists therefore decided upon legislation which would give them the power not only to weaken the opposition of their European opponents, but also to crush any political movement amongst Non-Europeans.

The Government began to enforce its social pattern with the passage last year of the Mixed Marriages Act. Because of the great social rifts in the country, and because of the colour prejudice which has been ground into generations of South Africans, marriages between members of the different colour groups have been infrequent here. Yet there is a Coloured population of nearly a million, and it is a well-known fact that many who claim to be White European, even within the Nationalist Party, have in fact ancestors of other colours. The Nationalists were thus determined that the Coloured population should not increase, and that no one should disprove their reiterated contention that all members of every "race" wished to maintain a racial purity. On July 1, 1949, the Mixed Marriages Act became law, declaring that "a marriage between a European and Non-European may not be solemnised and any such marriage solemnised in contravention of the provisions of this section, shall be void and of no effect."

As a result of this Act, detailed investigations had to be made into the ancestry of any couples approaching the Marriage Officer, and the way was open for the activities of the informer. Couples are refused marriage on the grounds that a grandparent was a Non-European, and personal tragedies have become the inevitable result of this operation. On one occasion, for instance, a couple were married in July, only to be informed in October that their marriage had been declared null and void. The obvious implication of this Act was for couples to ignore the social custom of marriage and to live together without that formality. This was prevented, however, by the Immorality Act of 1927 which forbade illicit carnal intercourse between Europeans and Natives under the threat of imprisonment of five years for a man and four years for a woman. More firmly to lock this door, the Government decided this year to pass an amendment to the Immorality Act, extending the prohibition to *all* Non-Europeans.

Once the Government had completed its regimentation of the sexual relationships between Europeans and Non-Europeans according to its own personal prejudices, it then embarked on one of the most fantastic schemes ever to be dignified by the name of an Act of Parliament. Dr. Dönges, Minister of the Interior and probably the cleverest and most powerful man in the Cabinet, produced his Group Areas Bill, which he described as one of the pillars of *Apartheid*. This Act is designed to set up in South Africa a number of self-governing communities, each of a homogeneous racial character. Not content with preventing any expression of emotional feeling between people of different races who may contact each other, the Nationalists have now decided that it is their duty to ensure that the different races are not allowed to make such contacts with each other. They therefore seek to divide the whole of the country into separate locations, first into European, Coloured and Native areas, but later sub-dividing each of these groups, possibly even separating the Afrikaans-speaking Europeans from those who speak English. In theory each of these areas will be almost entirely self-sufficient; only people of the one particular race being allowed to reside, work, or entertain themselves there, and the inhabitants of each having a certain degree of self-government.

It is the Nationalists and their Ministers who will decide what areas are suitable for each "race," and what degree of control over their own affairs shall be allowed in such areas. The Parliament which has passed this Act represents directly only the 2½ million Europeans out of the 12 million population of the country. No consultations with the 10 million Non-Europeans have taken place, and none will. This new pattern of life is one which is imposed entirely by the Europeans' Government upon the Non-European inhabitants. One can imagine just how far the self-government will extend within the Non-European areas. This Group Areas Bill gives the Government power to evict all Non-Europeans from areas which are required for White residence, to force them to sell up their property at cheap rates, to turn them out of business and to herd them together into slum ghettoes from which they may not trespass upon the sacred precincts of the European areas, emerging only to perform menial duties considered below a European. The spirit underlying the whole Act is revealed in the provision which allows the European to carry on his trade in the Non-European areas but prohibits any Non-European from carrying on any business in the European districts.

Already the administration is establishing this pattern by segregation in all forms of urban amenities. The railway stations have separate entrances and separate ticket offices; the trains have separate compartments, and separate seats are reserved on railway stations—and even in the Houses of Parliament themselves. In Post Offices separate counters are provided, telephone kiosks are segregated, and different seats are allocated in buses. Small, usually dirty, sections of the beaches are allocated to Non-Europeans, who are forbidden to enter those large and beautiful tracts available only for the Whites. In all forms of sport, Non-Europeans are herded together into a separate section of the grounds and never, of course, allowed competition with the Europeans—the examples of a Joe Louis or a Leary Constantine would be fatal to the whole structure of South African society—and hotels, restaurants, cafés, all good cinemas and practically all theatres close their doors absolutely to every Non-European.

The tradition of divide and rule has been very important in all South African Governments' policies towards the different Non-European groups. In particular, at the time of the Hertzog Acts of 1936, the Coloured population was promised that if it did not object too strongly to the removal of Natives from the Common Electoral Roll the same policy would not be applied to them. They see their mistake now that Dr. Malan has declared that one of the principal objects of his Government is to remove Coloured voters from the Common Roll.

But Nationalist policy is teaching the Non-Europeans that, unless they stand together, no matter whether they be Indian, Coloured or Native, they cannot hope to offer any significant opposition to a policy which would drive them all into the position of helots. The Group Areas Act, it is true, will invite division amongst the different sections of Non-Europeans when the areas come to be defined; and, although there is no question but that all the best areas will be allocated to Europeans, in the division between Coloured and Native, and possibly in the sub-division within each of these groups, attempts may be made to create jealousy and division. If the Group Areas Act had been passed on its own, this policy might well have succeeded, at least for a time, but it seems fairly clear that the forthright attack now being conducted upon every human right of the Non-Europeans as a whole will compel them to forget such jealousies and to unite their ranks in opposition to White dictation.

Cape Town, S.A.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Night at Boucharou

THE visa for Spain had cost twenty-five shillings—and two photographs of a female murderer. It laid down no restrictions on points of entry, but was very firm about money. No pesetas at all must be taken into Spain. So while my legs carried me up the mule-track towards the frontier one early morning, beyond the green lake and past the pink quilted banks of dwarf rhododendron, my head was working away on exchange and barter. I wanted to cross the Pyrenees, to use my visa, to spend a night in Spain. Down in Cauterets, they had indicated ways of buying black currency. But if I got no farther than Boucharou, where there was said to be a *douane*, it would be hardly civil to declare myself pesetaless, then cross the road to the inn and pull out a roll of Spanish notes from my boots. Spanish hospitality, they had also said at Cauterets, is proverbial: you have only to say why you cannot pay (here the schoolmaster wrote out the pathetic phrases) and any inn will be glad to give you a bed for nothing. Or for cigarettes. I was readier to rely on Spanish hospitality if I could also rely on more tangible assets; so besides my own food, I had in my sack some francs, a tin of Olida ham, and ten packets of Gauloises.

Grosser preoccupations had vanished by the time I was drifting down the valley of the Rio Ara through a blue sea of forget-me-nots. Now I pondered the problems of heredity. I wanted to sleep at Torla—a village two hours farther down the valley than the hamlet of Boucharou—"*sale et pittoresque*" according to the French guide-book. I had read two accounts of Torla. Both had mentioned the inn kept by a decayed Spanish nobleman: one was written about 1910, the other about 1925. It was hardly likely that the original nobleman would still be alive. But would the son of a decayed nobleman be a decayed nobleman himself? Or simply a nobleman? Or only decayed?

Four hours down the valley I was jerked back to actualities by a shot; and realised that after all I hadn't seen a soul—nor an animal except one lizard in the snow under the col—since I crossed the frontier. From the talk on the French side, I had formed a picture of vigilant activity. Unlike their French counterparts (who sat sensibly down at Cauterets or Gèdre, occasionally making an appearance at week-ends to control the plague of autocars from Lourdes) the Spanish frontier guards were reported to keep the sharpest look-out on the passes. Spaniards must not make unauthorised exits—and indeed the mountains on the frontier are forbidden to civilians. As soon as I was over I had put my passport in my hip pocket, ready to flourish at the first challenge. Now, as a second shot echoed back across the narrowing valley, I began to wonder uneasily if the guards were as light on the trigger as the Italians on the Alpine passes in Mussolini's heyday. And then, after another few minutes down the path cut in the steep wooded side of the gorge, past the clearing with the waterfall, round a corner were the brigands.

There were six of them, sprawled across the path in the shade of the beech trees. Their shirts were torn, their trousers patched, their shoes were flat strips of leather tied with thongs. And their guns, lying anyhow on the ground! "Muskets" and "flintlocks" were the words that came to mind. They were battered, they were tied up with string; the brigands peered down the barrels and rammed things down them, banged them smartly with stones. They snatched my ice-axe and found the pick a useful tool for fiddling with. But by then I'd been asked to sit down—politely, the chief brigand gestured to a pile of leaves—and had whipped out my passport. They read the words on the visa out loud, and passed it round. We established communication by gesture, mime, and emphatic single words. Four of the brigands, it appeared, were frontier gendarmes: looking more closely now, I could see that the torn shirts had once been the same shade of green. Edging out of the way of a couple of musket barrels, I said I was going to Torla. No, the chief brigand answered—Boucharou. Yes, Boucharou first, then Torla. He persisted with Boucharou only, but spoke of an interpreter down there. I pictured a sergeant, perhaps a lieutenant, with perfect French. One of the two civilians snatched up a weapon and gaily popped it off at an unseen quarry. This seemed to be the moment to offer cigarettes. English? they asked, as I rummaged in my sack. Their faces dropped at the sight of the Gauloises; I felt these were only accepted out of politeness. This was depressing: if they were so little regarded, it left me with the ham as my only hard currency.

When I got up, it was clear I was not to walk down alone. With my right hand grasping my ice-axe—a pike, or halberd, to match the muskets—and my left a tin mug filled with moss and some flowers I wanted to identify, I set off at a smart pace. Very conscious of British dignity to be maintained—and of the fact that bootnails were far more likely than leather strips to skid on the slabs of rock that largely made the track—I did my best to rise to possibly the only occasion on which I shall lead a file of infantry. Through the box bushes, and the juniper, across the pastures and the single pine-log bridges, we came to Boucharou: a stone bridge, a guardhouse, and a pink-washed inn. I halted my column on the bridge and brought out my camera: they scuffled for front places in the picture. Up on the gallery of the inn where they led me after a brief look in at the guardhouse, acquaintance expanded. Pointing to the ring on my finger, one of them asked about my children: had I a picture? The photograph I produced delighted them: there were complimentary exclamations, sympathetic murmurs. Charming tots indeed they were. I felt quite proud of them, especially the twins with their close-cropped hair and brief shorts. Quite unnecessary to explain that they were the children attached to a rowdy French party from Tarbes who had invaded the Marcadou hut a week before. On this wave of friendliness, I again opened the question of Torla: and was again denied. Nor was there any sign of the interpreter till, half an hour after we'd reached the hamlet, an elderly man in black came in from the fields: the *patron* of the inn, with extremely rusty French. He seemed to be saying that there was some military affair going on at Torla, which was forbidden ground now, but would be accessible in a week or two.

My more resolute half was for insisting on my right to Torla; one night in one village didn't seem much to ask of Spain for my twenty-five shillings. But it was clear that if I went the file would follow: to go clattering down the mule track in front of these casually carried weapons would be very different from walking peacefully down the gorge alone. If I were to follow my plan of returning to France by the Port de Boucharou, I would only have to retrace my steps to-morrow. The *patron* was pressing food on me; it would be heaven to take off my boots. And with their removal, my escort melted away, and I ate and drank alone in the cool whitewashed room. A shy and willing girl brought in a fine mixed grill and a wine bottle with two spouts. The drink was cold, astringent and delicious. Will the ham pay for half a litre? I haven't any pesetas. The salad dressing tastes of the tar. No, these aren't English cigarettes, Miranda; these wafer biscuits you've given me are made to eat with wine, with taste of tar. Aragon a torrent at the door and I want to sleep at Torla, sleep at Torla. . . . After all I'd had thirteen hours in the open air. Too sleepy to worry about paying, I fell into my bed at Boucharou at half-past seven and slept the clock round.

And in the end it was a perfectly straightforward financial transaction, with the *patron* very honestly explaining that he had to take my French francs at slightly less than the official rate, because he'd have to go to a town to change them. I sat on the balcony and pulled on my boots. Half my escort appeared from the guardhouse, yawned, stretched and knelt to wash in the torrent. As I recrossed the bridge and struck up the scree to the Gavarnie path, they waved me on my way to

France and off their field of responsibility. Three hours later, in a green glen on the French side, I sat down to eat by a clear stream. Out from the sack fell the rest of the superfluous Gauloises, and the tin of ham. I was angry with myself: I could at least have left that behind, as a thank-you for a kindly welcome at the inn. And out tumbled also an unfamiliar packet: tissue paper, and a dozen delicious wafer biscuits, stuffed in by the shy and willing girl. Spanish hospitality, after all, had the last word. But next time I shall also sleep at Torla!

JANET ADAM SMITH

Thomas Spence, 1750-1814

ONE of a family of nineteen, poor twisted Thomas Spence was born on June 21, 1750, educated himself to be a schoolmaster in a grammar school and looked like becoming a stable figure in the community. But, in the year after the Declaration of Independence, he lectured to the Newcastle Philosophical Society on the rights of man. He had been inspired, they say, through witnessing an unsuccessful attempt made by the Newcastle Corporation to engross the Town Moor some four years earlier. Expelled from the Society for hawking his lecture about the streets, he ended up in London, where, in the intervals of gaol-sentences, he tried to make a living selling saloop (the eighteenth-century Coca-Cola) and pamphlets. Hampering him at every turn was his second wife, whom he had married on a moment of impulse when he saw her scrubbing steps. She repaid his kindness by running away to the West Indies with a sea-captain, and returning like a recurrent plague. Well might Thomas Evans (father of the editor of the *Manchester Observer*) write with a feeling as sincere as the grammar was execrable: "If there has lived since the days of the Redeemer, one person more than another, that has imitated what is related of that great character in the Scriptures . . . it has been this friend of his species . . . the admirable Thomas Spence!"

He was the last of the orgiastic chiliasts; yet his millenium seemed eminently moderate. He believed that the vestibule to it lay in Spenceonia, a land where the principles of his famous lecture on the rights of man were actually practised. Given one Spenceonia, the rest would follow. Spenceonia itself was an idealised Newcastle, even to the harbour, river and bridge. Its salient features were outlined in a *Supplement to the History of Robinson Crusoe*, in which he outlined the constitution of the island upon which Thomas Wishit, Captain of the *Good Intent*, was wrecked in May, 1781. Wishit called it Crusonia: Spence later rechristened it after himself. This became the basis of his evangel, the theme of all his later pamphlets, and the aim of his existence.

Land should be vested in the corporate ownership of the parish, he urged. Occupiers, accepting it on a parochial lease, would pay rent. This rent would serve as the only tax, and assist the parish council in sustaining its functions. For, in the Spencean scheme, the parish council was to govern the community: fairs, schools, industries, and the militia all came under its provenance. The theme was embroidered in his later pamphlets but the essence remained the same: the land was to be nationalised, and there was to be only one tax to pay for its occupation. As with land, so with language: if one was to be common, so should the other. So, to promote his ideas, he adumbrated a revised alphabet based on the principle of one letter, one sound.

But publication from his school in Newcastle could not promote his ideas as effectively as residence in London. His great three hundred and eighty page *Grand Repository* "intended for the use of everyone who would acquire a complete knowledge of the English language with the least waste of time and expense," though it was followed by a cheap anthology of famous authors translated into his Spencean English, did not have the appeal which he thought it deserved. So, instead of hawking them and his political writings around the streets of Newcastle, he set up a stall at the East corner of Chancery Lane and Holborn. A Bow Street runner was soon on his tracts, and bought one, thinking it contained Paine's *Rights of Man*. Finding it was only Spence, he returned and bought what he had intended to do the first time. So Spence appeared before the justices on a charge of selling seditious literature. His little stall was closed, and he was committed to Clerkenwell. It inspired yet another pamphlet.

From now on, he was at odds with society. In the next two years, he was arrested four times, on similar charges. He drifted from Chancery Lane to 8, Little Turnstile, High Holborn, where he wrote still further of his scheme: *The Rights of Man* was republished, followed by *The Meridian Sun of Liberty*, *The Rights of Infants*, and the *Perfect Commonwealth*, an account of the constitution of Spenceonia. In his first stall in Chancery Lane, he had supported himself by selling saloop; in his second, he traded in coins and tokens. With more shrewdness than his customers gave him credit for, he minted tokens of his own to advertise his ideas, and would jerk them on the pavement before their feet as they passed. By the turn of the century, he was once more on the streets, hawking his pamphlets from a barrow.

But though he appeared to have been ploughing a lonely furrow, there were signs that he had not wasted his time. The disinherited sons of Adam were beginning to realise that he was indeed, their unfee'd advocate. In 1801, he was once more tried for sedition and found guilty, but this time the proceedings were watched with interest by both Cobbett and Francis Place. In gratitude to these and others whose interest he felt, he published an account of his trial in his special alphabet. Little Spencean clubs began to meet in the public houses, spreading the crude jingles which Spence wrote for them. By 1812 there was a Society of Spencean Philanthropists, for whom Spence was to edit a new periodical called *The Giant-Killer* or *Anti-Landlord*. Profounder figures began to feel the draught which he was causing: Coleridge commented on their apprehension of "half the truth," Parson Malthus felt impelled to contradict them, and Southey admitted that they were "men who know distinctly what they mean, and tell us honestly what they aim at . . . infinitely more respectable than the shallow orators who declaim about reform."

Spence himself died before the effect of his teaching could bear fruit. But those he had influenced assumed such frightful aspects that the Government thought it necessary to plant a spy in their midst to keep watch on their revolutionary activity. Such a misapprehension was pathetic, for it missed the whole nature of the Spencean movement. Perhaps Francis Place saw it most clearly when he wrote "Poor harmless Spenceans with their library consisting of an old Bible and three or four small publications, a high priest under the name of librarian, and some forty or fifty followers were held out as a bugbear to all men of landed property who were to succumb to these formidable and numerous speculators, and be compelled to resign their lands to the parishes for the use of the whole community." The spy fomented trouble, and Spenceanism disappeared till H. M. Hyndman brought it back once more to enrich the tradition of English Radicalism.

W. H. G. ARMYTAGE

RADIO DOOMSDAY

(Excerpts from the last issue of the *Radio Times*.)

In view of the imminent end of the world, a series of J-Day broadcasts will be substituted at the appropriate time for all programmes previously announced. On-the-spot commentators will interrupt items with up-to-the-minute reports of the final phases.

On the Home Service, listeners will be able to tune in to "Lay Down Your Burden" by the Religious Broadcast Department, followed by Morning Service from St. Paul's.

The Chairman of the National Trust will come to the mike with a talk on "Some Historic Churchyards."

A Choral Half Hour by the B.B.C. Choir will give a new arrangement of "Crossing the Bar," "One More River," and "Heading for the Last Round Up."

Lord Montgomery will give an address entitled "This is It." "Any Questions" will be replaced by a short sermon by the head of Religious Broadcasts: "Have You Forgotten Anything?"

The Governor of the Bank of England will render a short statement of accounts and discuss how to wind up an estate.

On the Children's Hour, listeners will hear a new play "There is a Better Land."

"The Last Postbag," introduced by Sandy McPherson, will be followed by Big Ben and Close Down.

On the Light Programme, there will be selections of "Music While You Wait."

For Older Children, a new play by Du Garde Peach, "An Awfully Big Adventure," will be heard.

Massed Military Bands will be in the Studio for a Final Fanfare, "Salute to Empire" followed by the Last Post.

"Mrs. Dale's Diary" and "The Robinson Family" will be concluded.

There will be an unscripted Symposium by leaders of thought on "What J-Day Meant to Me."

Listeners on the Third will be able to tune in to a Talk by the Director of Religious Broadcasts entitled "Where the Moth Does Not Corrupt."

The Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition will debate "Should We Have Had A Coalition?"

The B.B.C. Repertory will repeat their performance of "This Way to the Tomb" by Ronald Duncan.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch will talk on Modal Music, with Ancient Instruments.

A new selection of Epitaphs from the Esquimaux will be read by Mr. Robert Speight.

The Rev. Sparling-Spruce will give an address on Fourteenth Century Stained Glass.

"Was it Inevitable?" an objective analysis of the world situation by Bertrand Russell.

The B.B.C. Choir will present the first performance of "No More Cocktails" a Cantata by T. S. Eliot.

If there is no atomic hitch, the Corporation hope to be able to close down at 11 o'clock precisely, and extend their best wishes to all on both sides of the mike.

SAGITTARIUS

The Arts and Entertainment

AMERICAN SOCIAL REALISM

THE significance and interest of the small exhibition, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street, lies outside the pictures. It has been collected and introduced by Lincoln Kirstein, and so presented, is an art-political gesture, a suggested alternative to most contemporary painting. Apart from his work in ballet and literature, Mr. Lincoln Kirstein is known in the States as an opponent of abstract art And so this exhibition can be associated with a scattering of recent comment and opinion on the same ground. There has been the brisk exchange of letters on abstract art in *The Listener*; and in an essay in *Eidos* Herbert Read has tried to account for the present coexistence of abstraction and realism. In *Eidos*, too, we have read:

> When art turns its face towards nature again it will find her fresh and new . . . in the light of patient and intense meditation the most familiar objects cease to be familiar and emerge as images which satisfy both terms, representational and abstract, perfectly.

These words were written by an Egyptian artist, Hamed Said. The Institute of Contemporary Arts also showed the drawings of his circle, made with the precise, airless, Pre-Raphaelite naturalism which is also the language of these Americans. These painters enjoy the smoothness of tempera: they give oil paint a linoleum flatness and their pictures will attract those who enjoy a miniature technique.

What are the symbols communicating those "general correspondences" which these artists and Mr. Kirstein seek in place of what he regards as the private language of abstract art? (Is that language, in fact, so private? To draw upon a slight topical reference, during the past few months some publicity man has discovered for himself what Kandinsky or Matisse or van Gogh could have told him ages ago, that a certain pink in association with other colours will assume a powerful, electric vibrancy and the elementary truth that two colours of the same tone will tend to operate in the same manner. Some London posters have, thus, acquired an unusual brightness and in this respect, at least, the name of Frank Sinatra shone more brightly than did the name of Danny Kaye a year ago). The symbols are, in fact, various. There is the Hollywood Grand Guignol of Paul Cadmus's figures of Envy and Sloth, and equally crude Gothic fantasies by Charles Bain. There are what generations of Academy-goers would have called problem pictures, the association of minutely realised objects in the manner of Meredith Frampton—*Academic Procession* or *Mediaeval Object* or unexplained groups of figures. There is Social Realism with a romantic twist, the Dance of Death in a downtown setting, or a barber's shop in which the barber plays the violin to his clients, who include a monkey.

Private worlds and private correspondences, indeed! Mr. Kirstein is right to regret the absence of Edward Hopper and Ben Shahn. Hopper's gas stations, movie-theatres and drug stores have at least a local significance, and are symbols which can be recognised if not experienced. In Shahn, at least, there is a real sophistication, a commercial elegance of drawing and a sharp and knowing topicality in the themes.

The most revealing words in Mr. Kirstein's text are, "These pictures represent a search for symbols . . ." But good pictures in a period without a single directing faith do not come out of this kind of a search but from the making of anything into a symbol by the intensity of the artist's vision and understanding. Kirstein says that pioneer Americans *sought*—again sought—symbols for "national discovery, expansion and independence. We found them in a few portraits of patriots and explorers; in pictures of cowboys and Indians and country-life, which allegorically expressed in terms of anecdotal genre the infancy of a nation." Here is the old fallacy of attributing to the past one's own aspirations and interests. Then there was no search, but a finding and a painting of what was going around, of what was exciting, a painting of part, just a part, of that private world which is shared but not expressed by everybody. It is the absence of finding and the hangover from the search which pervades these joyless pictures and makes nature (as a source of symbols) appear not fresh and new, but dead. Their visual poverty is so obvious as to be less important.

BASIL TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

"I LIKE hearing you talk," says Ysé, in *Meridian*, the version of M. Claudel's *Partage de Midi* broadcast the other evening in the Third Programme, "even when I don't understand you;" and something like that must be the critic's reaction on first meeting the play, without having read the French text or seen a performance. This is, of course, a confession of defeat; but who is to blame, the author, translator, adaptor, producer or critic, is quite another matter: "A Play that Puzzled Paris" was the title of Mr. Robert Speight's article in the *Radio Times*: if the French were puzzled, how much more so the simple English. Yet, among all the murky, baffling splendour, the almost Wagnerian intensity that poured out of the loudspeaker, one fact at any rate was plain: that radio was quite incapable of coping with this play. So to the intrinsic difficulty of the work itself was added the difficulty of attempting to apprehend it through an alien medium. One was always, as it were, a little behind what was actually taking place in the studio. To have lasted the play out seems to me to have been a considerable feat in itself. That isn't important; but when I come to read *Partage de Midi* I hope to have forgotten *Meridian*, at least in its radio form, entirely.

After *Meridian*, everything else on the air recently has seemed child's play, even Mr. Fred Hoyle's opening talk in his famous series *The Nature of the Universe*; incidentally, it is pleasant to be able to congratulate the Home Service, which is seldom moved by imagination or enterprise, on its boldness in putting on this sequence of half-hour talks of some intellectual difficulty during high-summer. Some recent programmes were perhaps too much in the nature of child's play. There was, for instance, the *New Judgment on Edgar Allan Poe*. The form could not have been more trite, a discussion between a critic and his stooge, who fed him with the right questions and showed a disposition herself to know the right answers. If this had been all there was to Mr. John Harries's programme it would not have been worth writing about it. But it wasn't; for it transpired that the new judgments to be made were not Mr. Harries's at all, but Mr. Michel Innes's and Mr. Terence Tiller's. These were excellent; but much time could have been saved if the scaffolding that surrounded their contributions, the chorus of dead-pan voices trying to persuade us that they were Poe and Baudelaire, and the pedestrian dialogues between critic and stooge, had been removed beforehand.

The Potter-Grenfell *How to Travel* proved, I am afraid, strangely flat; there was one extremely funny line, but apart from that, it was all rather perfunctory. What was not perfunctory was Mr. Colin Wills's little programme *The Cream of the Jest*. A by-product of Mr. Wills's recent visit to West Africa, it conveyed in a few short passages of dialogue the bewilderment and indignation occasioned in white Sierra Leone by that fella Graham Greene's novel *The Heart of the Matter*. The happy ending was totally unexpected. *The Cream of the Jest* was the most amusing fifteen minutes I have heard on the air for a long time; at any rate since the repeat some months ago of *How to Listen*.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Wooden Horse," at the Rialto and the Ritz

"Panic in the Streets," at the Odeon

Everyone knows the wooden horse (it has indeed brought a gust of much-needed fantasy to the gym hour), and aware of it, few will be able to resist going to see for themselves just how it was employed. Even, or especially, those who have read Mr. Eric Williams's own narrative, greedily studying the diagrams, will be grateful for a film made with his full collaboration, which shows from beginning to end the whole escapade. Curiosity is satisfied. With our eyes we've seen. This rare if unremarkable object—Williams's horse—joins the select company of Watt's kettle, Blondin's wire, Smith's bath, and a few others, to say nothing of the original Trojan Horse, from which, in reverse, as it were, it sprang.

The film keeps true to the book. With confident ease the director, Jack Lee, starts them getting up in the prison camp; non-committally, the chief characters are introduced, escape is discussed; one thing leads to another, and, with no semblance of hurry, the Horse itself comes into play. Out it is trundled on to the sand, weary men vault for hours, back it goes, and three or four feet have been added to the tunnel without a trace. The guards are almost more fascinated by this (as it appears to them) truly English pastime than the plotters and engineers themselves. A more delectable situation, or one better fitted for the cinema to take in its stride, would be hard to imagine.

The long second part of the book—the trail of two of the escapers until they reach Sweden—follows in the film also; pretty well, but events here had to be telescoped and the sense of anticlimax dominates what should have been left to another time. For a film can't indulge second parts; the horse can't be made, so to speak, to push the cart. However, this complaint aside, *The Wooden Horse* does ample justice to its fabulous adventure; and in all departments (script, acting, photography) achieves well if not remarkably.

As a piece of film-making, Elia Kazan's *Panic in the Streets* exercises rather more authority and pressure. Pace, background, and the social implication append this film to the long list of American social thrillers, of which Kazan's own *Boomerang*, an exploration less of murder than of provincial manners, was so admirable a specimen. This time, to murder is added the threat of plague: the dead man, in fact, is the carrier, and others have been in contact with him. Every moment is thus double or triple loaded, for besides the doctor (Richard Widmark) looking for the murderer with a syringe and the police (Paul Douglas) with a gun, journalists want to splash the whole story, and the city council is none too eager to act on the appalling facts presented to them. After a splendid and sustained beginning, an irresolute though thrilling middle, and a conventional end, we are still a great deal more dazzled than disappointed. The New Orleans waterfront has loomed up with a beautiful harshness; and even minor figures—that of the murderer, for example—have a haunting conviction.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New York City Ballet Company's "Orpheus," at Covent Garden

Orpheus is one of the most romantic and at the same time one of the most hermetic of legends. Balanchine and Stravinsky have caught the latter at least in their very moving work. Both have conceived it in the coldest terms. In Stravinsky's frozen music only the harp notes melt, and even they fall like drops of ice water. Balanchine has contrived to produce the same climate, but his choreography is not just a literal interpretation of the music (as so much of his work is), nor are his dances merely abstract patterns set in a void. For once he has evoked an atmosphere. *Serenade* revealed Balanchine's preoccupation with sinuous movements, but his *tableaux* in that ballet were no more than ingenious arrangements. In *Orpheus* he has carried this fluid style

much farther. The *pas des deux* are almost rubbery. He entwines the Black Angel (beautifully danced by Moncion) with a sort of soft black hoop, which he twists and untwists round Orpheus (Magellanes) as he leads him down to Hades. This serpentine idiom is disturbing, at times subtly horrifying. Isamu Noguchi's decor is economical—as we have come to expect from this company. A large egg shape, an Arp-like potato shape, changes place and colour with the scenes. Otherwise a lightly weighted curtain blows about, or billows as if figures were beating feebly against it from the back. This conceit muffles the work and gives it the appearance of being gagged—a feeling which Orpheus' mask, an obscene-looking object, half gas mask, half crash helmet, strengthens—a beautiful ballet and so far the best this company does. *Jones Beach*, on the other hand is surely their worst—no sets and the company wear bathing dresses. We are supposed to imagine a beach resort, but the illusion never materialises. Only Tanaquil Leclercq, as a girl saved from drowning, redeems the banality for a moment. R. J.

Bach in the Village

How many of us are living once more through something of the excitement Bach's singers felt when first they rendered his compositions two hundred years ago? The other Sunday I witnessed this enviable experience in a village in the Chilterns. There has come to life again, in this lovely background, a communal love of music that had been dead in the English village for several dreary generations. A choir formed from the inhabitants of Great Missenden—baker, postmaster, milkman, farmer, teacher, business man and housewives—sang in an old manor-house that once was an abbey. The Buckinghamshire Education Committee has turned it into a hostel. The concert began with things by Mendelssohn and Brahms and then came difficult compositions by Schütz and Byrd, all for unaccompanied choir. But the memorable event was their singing of the most intricate of Bach's motets, *Jesu Priceless Treasure*, for five voices. What struck me was their zest and intelligence and their sensitive response to their conductor, Hertha Grove. In rendering emotion they lost their English shyness. Their singing of the complicated *fugato* movements of the Motet was not merely steady, accurate and well-phrased; it was deeply felt. Two years ago none of this choir had ever sung such music and some of them could hardly read a note. They have now been welded into a team so enthusiastic that in their conductor's absence they meet in each other's houses for extra practices. Originally the enterprise started under the W.E.A. as a course in musical appreciation; but since the best way to understand music is to make it, the group evolved into an ambitious choir, which has won a key to the enjoyment of the classics. It does not keep its gains to itself: it is celebrating the Bi-Centenary by singing this Motet in neighbouring villages. H. N. B.

"The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

For nearly an act both realisation and production are disturbing; not at once do we accept the eighteenth century tunes treated with an easy if apt intellectualism, nor the drama which shifts continually between realism and mannered comedy. But we are won by the score from the start—limpid and luminous yet strong in design, varied with the richness that Britten can draw from a chamber orchestra. And soon—as Edward Sackville West wrote in this column after the first production, the work reveals itself as *durchkomponiert*. The part Peter Pears sang three years ago has now been rewritten for Bruce Boyce, a baritone, which means that we lose Britten-esque effects of tenor with shimmering high harp, and that after Max Worthley's early airs there is no more music for tenor. Mr. Boyce sings and acts with a pleasing dash. Doubts recur as one goes along, but are surely dispelled by the lovely "Were I laid on Greenland's coast" or "Cease your funning"; the writing for ensemble of voices and instruments is of a magical beauty. Guthrie's production and Tanya Moiseivitch's decor retain their verve and style; Rose Hill's Lucy Locket is as good as ever, and only the Peachum sounds as tired and lugubrious as he did in Pimen's draughty cell. A. P.

Correspondence

PEACE CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Mr. Ehrenburg told his audiences here that I would have nothing to do with his Peace Campaign because of some small grievance about the Theatre. This is nonsense, and Mr. Ehrenburg, who is no fool, knows very well it is nonsense. It is on the same level of argument as the Soviet cartoon, which I have seen, showing me tripping from the Peace Camp to the War Camp because a cunning Uncle Sam is offering me a piece of gold. If all our lives were not at stake, I could enjoy the sardonic comedy of propagandists rushing from Moscow to London to warn us against being war-mongers: it is like a huge Alsatian rebuking an old tabby cat for its fierce aggressive qualities. But allow me briefly to state my point of view. I believe we shall begin to avoid the menace of war when we all make a serious attempt to create a world of international understanding and mutual trust. All people, including the Russian people, want that world now. But, for reasons best known to themselves, the men responsible for Soviet policy do not want it. The proof is that they never behave as if they wanted it. They will make no real effort themselves and during the last few years, when they have deliberately flung away the goodwill of people almost everywhere, they have done their best to make sure that efforts made by others came to nothing. And a few pacts, signed to-morrow and broken the day after, are no adequate substitute for such a world. I seem to remember a German-Soviet pact. If it was genuine, then who supported Fascism? If it was not genuine, then what are pacts worth? Meanwhile, if Mr. Ehrenburg and his colleagues are afire with a crusading spirit, then let them get up in Moscow, preferably when its peace-loving government is parading more armed men, tanks and war-planes for an afternoon show than we could muster for a war, and do some fiery denouncing there. Let them condemn every attempt to create misunderstanding between people inside Russia and people outside it. Let them plead for less censorship, fewer closed frontiers, more exchanges of every kind with the West, a complete co-operation with all the United Nations' special agencies. In fact, let them really begin to work for peace. J. B. PRIESTLEY

KOREA

SIR,—You assert that the case for North Korea made in my pamphlet *Light on Korea*—a case for the most part made for me by Synghman Rhee and the American politicians and soldiers—is "immediately destroyed by one simple and decisive fact," namely the "indisputable invasion" of South Korea.

It is, of course, indisputable that from an early stage North Korean forces, well prepared, have been fighting South of the Parallel, but that does not decide who was the aggressor.

It is indisputable that Synghman Rhee has been openly shouting for the invasion of North Korea for many months; that he has imprisoned a number of his M.P.s for opposing that invasion; and that he has staged hundreds of frontier provocations. And the American politicians and soldiers, after confining themselves for a time to boasts such as that "100,000 officers and men, equipped with American arms and trained by an American military mission, have completed their preparations and can start a war at any moment," and that this army is "a demonstration of how an intelligent and intensive investment of 500 combat-hardened American officers and men can train 100,000 men who will do the shooting for you," proceeded shortly before June 25 to public promises of "all necessary moral and material support to South Korea, which is fighting against Communism," and "the talks with General MacArthur will be followed by positive action."

With all that before them, what sort of people would the North Korean leaders have been if they had not prepared to meet the "positive action" that followed? And could they be expected to stop dead at the Parallel after pushing the aggressor back, and wait there patiently until he pulled himself together and started again, with more "material support" from the Americans? The suggestion that crossing the Parallel in those circumstances constitutes aggression provides a new definition: "An aggressor is one who, when attacked, hits back hard and well."

No, Sir; the question who was the aggressor cannot be solved like that. It needs evidence. What is the evidence in favour of the South? It is in truth, so far, nil; myth has taken its place. The U.N. Commission Report of June 25, on which the whole (illegal) U.N. call to intervention was based, did no more than pass on, without confirmation or even investigation, the bare assertion of the unsatisfactory Synghman Rhee. This report was in truth such a miserable document that the press has told us little of its contents, and the American Embassy "White Paper" of July 12—"The Communist Invasion of the Republic of Korea"—ignores its very existence and disingenuously starts off with a report of the following day as if that were the Commission's *first* document! (In that long document, one reads that "all the evidence continues to point to a calculated co-ordinated attack prepared and launched in secrecy"; but none of the evidence is given—no more, for example, than you give for calling my pamphlet disingenuous—and it is noticeable that it is not even definitely said that the North attacked first.)

North Korea, on the other hand, has for evidence not merely the long history of open threats of invasion and American encouragement, but concrete statements of South Korean politicians and soldiers, to the effect that their troops were ordered on the morning of the 25th (just after the field observers of the U.N. Commission had reported that there were no signs of activity from the North) to start the attack. D. N. PRITT

4 Essex Court, E.C.4.

[Mr. Pritt adds nothing to our argument. There was plenty of boasting and bombast in the South, but Southern troops did not march, according to Synghman Rhee, because Americans prevented them from doing so. The North, heavily armed with Soviet war material, did march.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—It is time that the misused word "aggression" was dropped in international politics when its use has been so abused as in the Korean civil war. Korea was an undivided people for 4,000 years, before the Japanese interlude. Then the Russians and the Americans divided Korea for their own purposes in breach of the Cairo understanding (which explains Egypt's neutrality). Russia and the United States are both aggressors *vis-à-vis* Korea: the United States is the sole aggressor in the case of Formosa. What is not explained is why the Security Council acted so hurriedly in these circumstances. It would seem that the real purpose of these international bodies is to turn a local fire into a general conflagration, if that suits the convenience of some very influential member. When the Arab States attacked Israel, Uno made no move, because it was not convenient for any powerful member to do so.

I think the press and the House of Commons are not representative of public opinion on this question. It was significant that, at the N.U.R. Conference on July 5th, a resolution asking the Executive Committee to see the Cabinet on the question of removing all U.S.A. armed forces from Britain was only defeated by two votes on a massed vote after a very remarkable debate. Had the Irish delegates abstained (as they might well have done as there are no American forces in Eire) the resolution would have been carried.

Certainly Britain has had an odd lot of clients in these wars to maintain international law: Serbia, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Abyssinia, and now Korea! Especially when one observes what is going on now in the first five of the list.

As the first world war ruined the Liberal Party, and the second world war crippled the Tory Party, I fear the Korean affair may hamstring the Labour Party. C. H. NORMAN

51 Linden Mansions, N.6.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA

SIR,—The news that Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government intends to hold an election in South-West Africa, to decide whether the territory shall be incorporated in the Union of South Africa and irrespective of Commonwealth and international feeling over the territory being a mandated area, con-

tains more significance than might be assumed at first glance.

From the beginning of its reign, the Malan Government has been bothered by its small majority. Its 70 Members, supported by the nine Members of Mr. Havenga's Afrikaner Party, have a majority of only eight over the total strength of the Unionist and Labour Parties. Also from the beginning the Nationalists have been committed to removing the fortunate few Cape Coloured voters (totalling 46,000 out of a Coloured population of 900,000) from the Common Roll in the Cape Province. These Coloured people are the only section of the non-European community given full political representation. A contributor to the *Cape Times* in March 1949 estimated that if the Coloured vote was removed, and it is believed to be mainly Unionist and Labour in sympathy, Dr. Malan's party would probably win another three seats, perhaps a fourth, and have an increased vote in five other constituencies. This would considerably strengthen the Nationalist Party in Parliament.

The proposed election in South-West Africa would further increase the totalitarian control of the Malan Government. The result of such an election is already predictable. In the provisional census for 1946, 361,000 people resided in the area. Of this number, 269,500 were Natives; another 53,400 were Coloured. Neither group would vote. The European community totals 38,000. In 1937, when the European community numbered 30,600, some 18,000 spoke Afrikaans as their mother-tongue, another 9,600 similarly spoke German (it will be remembered that Hitler sent a Nazi leader to the area to organize a Bund) and only 2,400 similarly spoke English. Dr. Malan's election would thus (1) be decided by a numerically inferior group, and, when South-West Africa was given constituencies whose Members would be attending the South African Parliament, (2) greatly strengthen Nationalist domination over every racial group in Southern Africa.

In the near future the United Nations will be discussing matters involving South Africa. The list of injustices created by Nationalist policy was long even before the commencement of the recent session of the South African Parliament; since then it has lengthened considerably and the future danger to every racial group in the Union has become tragically sharpened. It is to be prayed, not hoped, that the British Government will take advantage of the opportunities afforded at the United Nations meetings to dissociate Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth from Nationalist policy utterly and completely, and will seek means to persuade Dr. Malan and his associates from pursuing a policy which can only jeopardize the future of all Africa.

HENRY GIBBS

27 Abbey Road, N.W.8.

LEASEHOLDERS AND LANDLORDS

SIR,—"The problem of leaseholds," says Mr. Donnelly, "must be judged in the light of evidence." But what evidence does Mr. Donnelly produce? Let us examine the case of Mr. Smith who is being "blackmailed."

The evidence consists of four facts, viz.: Mr. Smith is the tenant of premises in Chelsea at a ground rent of £30 p.a., the premises have been allowed to fall into disrepair which will cost some £2,500 to amend, the landlord is offering a new lease in three years' time at a ground rent of £180 and Mr. Smith has not got £2,500.

May we assume that the property is held on a building lease of 99 years? Then Mr. Smith is an assignee of that lease. Did Mr. Smith read the lease when he took his assignment of it? Was he aware that the property was in need or would be in need of repair? Unless Mr. Smith is a fool the answer is "yes." If the answer is "yes" it would appear that Mr. Smith took the premises knowing that he would be unable to meet his obligation under the lease—not very honest of Mr. Smith.

Now who does Mr. Donnelly suggest should pay this £2,500 for repairing the property? The landlord, who is getting £30 p.a., less tax? Or does he think it would be just to make the next occupier pay the bill?

Someone, in about 1854, thought that £30 p.a. was a fair rent for the land and took it and built a house on it. Does Mr. Donnelly really think that £30 is a fair rent for the land and the house to-day?

The new offer is a 21 years' lease at £180 p.a.—Mr. Donnelly does not tell us whether this is to be a full repairing lease or, indeed, anything else about it. Perhaps the facts do not suit Mr. Donnelly's point of view or, more likely, Mr. Donnelly has not troubled to find out what the terms are. He does not even tell us what kind of house this is or in what part of Chelsea it is. If it is going to cost £2,500 to repair, my guess is that it is a pretty substantial house.

Personally, I am left with a feeling that it is Mr. Smith's landlord who is to be pitied; if he lets Mr. Smith stay there another 21 years the house will be a wreck and he will find himself paying to have it pulled down.

DAVID MACMICHAEL

62 North View, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

POET AS PARIAH

SIR,—A good deal of cant has been written recently, mainly by Mr. George Barker, with the aim of proving that a poet must, in order to write, live at someone else's expense. In the past, poets have had the privileges (and, as Johnson knew, the degradations) of patronage, or they have been the fortunate possessors of private incomes, or they have been publishers' hacks or they have been civil servants or otherwise employed. Patrons and private incomes are now rare. The poet has nowadays, therefore, the choice of writing novels or reviews or minutes with his left hand or of being a kind of privileged spiv. Chaucer, Spenser, Mathew Arnold and others were civil servants; Milton willingly gave twenty years of his life and his sight to the service of his government: Donne was Dean of St. Paul's; Herbert and Herrick were country parsons; Blake was a hard-working engraver; Mr. T. S. Eliot has been employed in a bank, or as a director of a publishing house during nearly all his productive poetical life. Mr. Barker is confusing a simple issue. Like the rest of us, employed or unemployed, he is more likely to be forgotten than remembered in a hundred years' time.

RONALD BOTTRALL

Rome.

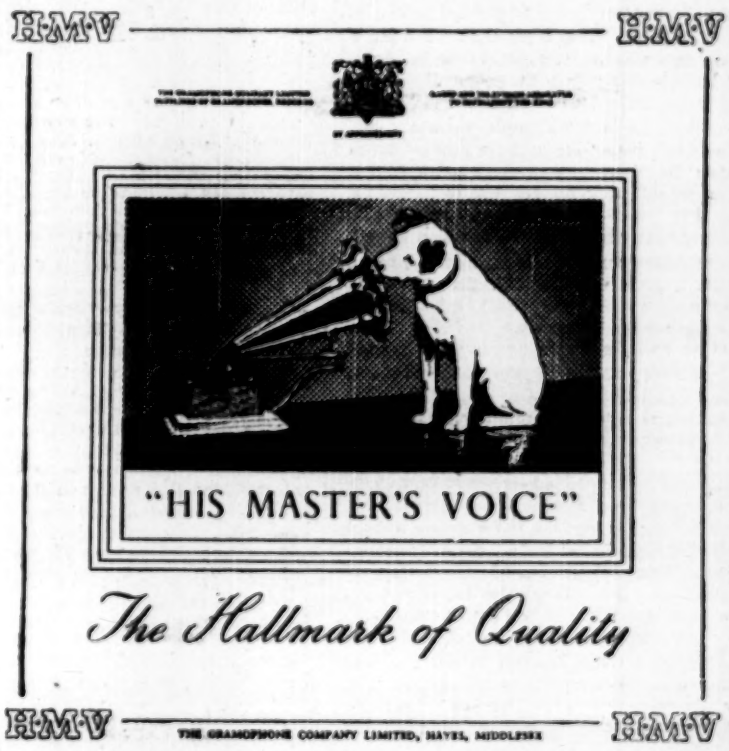
POETRY

SIR,—Montagu Slater's ideas for stimulating poetry publication are no doubt very sensible. But as far as I'm concerned the present outraged concern at the lack of interest in verse is getting tiresome. Much of the verse which is being written (even by some of the "eminent" and fashionable poets) doesn't deserve attention, anyway; nor does it matter at all if truly splendid verse is only read and appreciated by a tiny handful of people. That doesn't mean that the poet should be denied some ego-treatment in the form of an audience (preferably a paying one) if he finds that essential. Assuming that publishers, reviewers, and booksellers are villains who won't co-operate, he should turn to writing pieces for certain occasions and read them aloud to his cronies or at gatherings concerned with these occasions.

Why must a poet earn a living at verse and assume the professional status of a lawyer, doctor or architect? Such professionalism doesn't suit a high art-form like the creation of verse. It would be the same if one insisted that the man of deep religious conviction had to make a profession of his faith and earn a regular income from it. Some do that, I know, but it doesn't mean that they are more sincere and effective than the inspired, amateur saint. If anything, the opposite is true.

Poets who really believe in the purpose and power of verse and enjoy creating it, must be prepared to suffer for such conviction and pleasure. Society doesn't owe them anything in the way of prestige and cash. But if they can do something to make life easier for themselves, then more power to their efforts I say! When the going is rough, however (and it usually is), it is not very nice to witness the indignation and dramatic poses of the elegant, outraged poet who is far too conscious of his mission. Simplicity, a non-professional approach and a certain aloofness to material luck, are much more convincing characteristics of the genuine human being and poet.

London, N.W.3. HUGO MANNINO



Books in General

It has often been said that the plain or ordinary man of the future who rises from the working classes, will write the plain, talking English of the William Cobbett kind. This sounds plausible but I doubt it. At present the plain man talks and writes a good deal of American ; and one reason for the choice is that American is not plain speech. Simple statement is the child of education and a clear mind and is, indeed, frequently one of its vanities ; the ordinary man whose mind is untrained likes a strong, careless colouring of image and fantasy. But before we go on generalising, it will be wiser to look at the writing of a plain man, Mr. Jack Hilton, who has written an account of a journey round England called *English Ribbon*.* He might protest that this talk of plainness is nonsense and that the sooner we start talking about human beings instead of classes the less foolish we shall be.

Ten years ago Mr. Hilton did a similar journey on foot round England and wrote a book called *English Ways*. I seem to remember he was otherwise unemployed and that he and his wife pushed their belongings in a perambulator all the way, on the sound principle that suffering is the indispensable basis of fruitful travel. *English Ways* was a garrulous and vivid narrative. Mr. Hilton had a mouthful of words. Now, pushing a box on wheels containing a tent, he has again gone from Lancashire to Brighton and back.

Scratch a working man who writes and you will find a university graduate. Mr. Hilton might be called one of Oxford's lost causes. He went to an Oxford college for working men when he was young and returned, I gather, to manual labour. That is unusual : " I'm just a baby man who has kept balanced by having to sweat physically due to poverty." Early suspecting Oxford to be " snooty " and " posh " —two of his favourite words which are half abuse, half praise—he seems to have set out to resist the manners, vocabulary and syntax of contemporary culture. He went to Oxford for his own rather than for Oxford's reasons ; he cannot resist Oxford but he preserves himself from infatuation by convincing himself that the place is the ruin of England. He went there, perhaps, to acquire more skill in keeping the common touch from taint.

One even has the impression that the sense of inferiority and its aggressive compensations have become blessedness to Mr. Hilton. He has turned them into something like poetic idiosyncracy ; he is loath to lose anything of himself. He likes being something of an exhibitionist ; it will do no harm, because he has a sobering, shrewd knowledge of what " folk " are like, and has half a lifetime of hard physical work in his body. When somebody in the West of England caught him bathing off private land and told him he was trespassing, he disarmed them by reciting Donne—lucky to find a preserver of riparian rights who read poetry—but when he went to the Derby at Epsom he fell naturally to selling race cards on the course before the " big men " got going. Spryness and originality of temperament have served a purpose in other directions where the intellect offered to take him out of his class ; he has been able to preserve his knowledge of the working man's outward and emotional worlds. He does not entirely like them. Excellent that the workers have won their fight, are highly paid and prosperous ; excellent even that they are, in some walks, getting " snooty " ; bad that they are getting smug, fat, tamed and respectable, in some places, or are just having a continuous " blow out " in others. He returns often to these awkward contradictions. He sympathises, but he scratches his head and does not know where it is all leading. Through this confusion of mind he gradually describes the English scene. I do not mean that he argues all the time. He is an artist and like all artists he has his opinions ; but for him, the description is the thing.

So Mr. Hilton is not plain after all. He cultivates impediment and he writes like a man talking with a stone in his mouth, in order to keep his confusion alive. The book is often humdrum but it contains a long and brilliant chapter on the Derby which ought to be circulated by those who want contemporary English life to be understood abroad. I will quote one or two passages to give his excitable manner. He was out to enjoy himself and to make a little money too. He was out for foolishness. Here is an early morning scene :

> At 6 a.m. on Derby morning I was seeing the dew on the downs. I passed a few people who had been doing an all night watch, but who had been driven to some woods owing to the showers and the cold. They'd made a smoky nuisance from cut green wood. Nearer the course came snores from two coaches from Norwich. The downs were an array of buttoned up booths and de luxe gypsy caravans, all in the silence of sleep. The stands looked like ships tied to a quay that even the rats had deserted. Three men were at a hut behind the stands. I made a fourth. A fifth, sixth and seventh came. Then the hut's window opened and a voice said, " How many ? " And we answered fifty, a hundred, or two fifty, as our pockets permitted. I went down to the Norwich coaches and cried, " Wakey, wakey," and men not used to being bedless opened sleepy eyes. I rid myself of forty cards and left them needing liver salts.

Loud, shrewd but appreciative stuff. By nine o'clock he was at Tattenham Corner, trying to sell his third hundred :

> Thousands of people were now race-carded, choc-iced, given one to beat the favourite, sold toffee without points, beseeched by posters to repent and re-member the wages of sin were fire and brimstone.

But the " big boys " had sized up a probable " sell out " and had bought in thousands of cards. He came away from a scene where the

> escapologists were getting cramped for room, and powder-and-water lemonade women were running out of water, jellied eels were still lovely, the tipster with his : " I claim to know without the shadow of a doubt," was " Jesus jerked at " from some mission society's mike, the tinned beer bottles were everywhere, squeaky noises were coming out of deflating balloons, and a load of cops were alighting near the Grand Stand.

The King and Queen were coming. It was what the women were waiting for : they were " Gert and Daisying " at once.

Mr. Hilton has the art of seeing beyond sound and sight. There was a party of Welsh miners and their wives. " To some extent " —that curious, cautious, English warning—

> they were too easily excitable. They looked what they were : a people who had been down and out and Means Tested and were now the new rich. They'd escaped Mr. Marx and the chapel, but not the wasting in their souls, and having sobered from their bottles they could not yahoo or yippee. It's true these Welsh people were tragic, and women's big bags and men's new caps and wads of notes were a poor camouflage over the indelible depression years that had soured them.

There, again, is the double theme underlying the book. It runs beneath the descriptions of the motor works at Coventry, the mining villages of Yorkshire, the light factories in Leicester which he disliked, the dockers in Southampton of whom he makes a vivid defence. The worker's England is a cosy, ugly place. It is making money. But what had bewitched the men that, " like Oxford," they have gone for the secure, " the second rate English equanimity." " Snootiness," in one of its bewildering forms, may be the trouble. " Donny " (Doncaster), for example, is " culturally so-so " and goes in for " real snooty streamlined emporiums " ; on the other hand " snootiness " is a poor ideal for those who once did not like " anyone coming it over anyone else." In Coventry, the basis of industrialised life seemed madness. " Bloody well barmy we are, the lot of us. £8 6*s*. clear," said a man on the assembly line whose job was simply to raise his arm, hold something and let it go hundreds of times a day. Seeing thirty shops taken over by bookmakers in an area of three hundred houses in a mining district, Mr. Hilton was sad. If Oxford was lowering the vital spirit of society, what was prosperity doing in Yorkshire ?

> How long will it be before the proletariat which has now become an economic group with no need of the pawn shop or rags, which is high and dry above the poverty level, adopts taste and comfort of refinement that are within their means ?

Their grandfathers studied, read poetry and fought for a better life :

> few male grandchildren have the capacity to accept it and live it fully. . . . See a lot of spoiled children and you know they have a weak mamma . . . with all our alleged industrial democracy we have a population that is only at the nursery school stage. . . . I know that I am speaking aloud the sentiment of the best type of responsible middle-aged worker.

Perhaps a new interpretation of " snootiness " is required.

One of the odd remarks that Mr. Hilton makes when he is pushing his box through Hampshire is that there is a shortage of people to talk to casually in England. In the times of unemployment there were too many. They are now all too busy working and buying. The conversations in this book are, indeed, mainly dull and except for the Derby chapter, there is a good deal that is merely workaday. Looking at the world with a working man's eyes he sees work and conditions first and though he is ready with a touch of character it is a mild touch. The portraiture is rarely above that of the documentary films and when one thinks of the English travellers who have excelled in their portraits, this is a real defect. But

* *English Ribbon*. By Jack Hilton. *Cape*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

once one has got inside Mr. Hilton's awkward, kindly, energetic humour—it is the humour of energy—one gets a very clear and warm impression of the England from which we avert our eyes; or rather, since this England can hardly be avoided, which hits us so often between them. He is good-naturedly troublesome. His picture, for example, of an England packed with rest houses for tired political bosses, great and small, and where literature and the arts have died, because no one is interested in anything but sociology, is an unusual piece of satire from a staunch if difficult Labour man. But a school of staunch Labour writers devoted to literature would be, very properly, a thorn to politicians. Of course, Mr. Hilton is an anarchist. He is an imaginative reporter. He has made the discovery that was made by the middle class writers of the 19th century, that it is indispensible to prod the governing class, especially when it is your own.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CRICKET AT BRIGHTON

At night the Front like coloured barley-sugar; but now
Soft blue, all soda, the air goes flat over flower-beds,
Blue railings and beaches; below, half-painted boats, bow
Up, settle in sand, names like Moss-Rose and Dolphin
Drying in a breeze that flicks at the ribs of the tide.
The chalk coastline folds up its wings of Beachy Head
And Worthing, fluttering white over water like brides.
Regency squares, the Pavilion, oysters and mussels and gin.

Piers like wading confectionery, esplanades of striped tulip.
Cricket began here yesterday, the air heavy, suitable
For medium-paced bowlers; but deck chairs mostly were vacant,
Faces white over startling green. Later, trains will decant
People with baskets, litter and opinions, the seaside's staple
Ingredients. To-day Langridge pushes the ball for unfussed
Singles; ladies clap from check rugs, talk to retired colonels;
On tomato-red verandas the scoring rate is discussed.

Sussex v. Lancashire, the air birded and fresh after rain,
Tears on syringa and cherry. Seaward the water
Is satin, pale emerald, fretted with lace at the edges,
The whole sky rinsed easy like nerves after pain.
May here is childhood, lost somewhere between and never
Recovered, but again moved nearer like a lever
Turned on the pier flickers the Past into pictures.
A time of immediacy, optimism, without stricture.

Post-cards and bathing-machines and old prints.
Something comes back, the inkling and momentary hint
Of what we had wanted to be, though differently now
For the conditions are different and what we had wanted
We wanted as we were then, without conscience, unhaunted,
And given the chance must refuse to want it again.
Only, occasionally, we escape, we return where we were:
Watching cricket at Brighton, Cornford bowling through sea-scented air.

ALAN ROSS

LANGUAGE, TRUTH AND LOGIC

A Critique of Logical Positivism. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book claims far too much. It is in fact no more than a criticism of the first edition of Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*. This was a popular and violently polemical exposition of some of the doctrines of Logical Positivism, published in 1936, and its chief object was to show that certain classes of utterance (metaphysical, theological, ethical and æsthetic) do not conform to the rules for descriptive meaningfulness governing the descriptive statements of science and everyday life.

For whom is this critique intended? Not, surely, professional philosophers. Few of them (and certainly not Ayer himself) now either believe or are especially interested in the detailed exposition of this 1936 edition. And it is precisely these details to the criticism of which Dr. Joad devotes nine-tenths of his book.

Is it then for the general public? Dr. Joad's avowed reason for dealing solely with this early work is that he is "chiefly interested in the effects of Logical Positivism on contemporary thought." And he claims that the first edition of Ayer's book is the only work of this School which has had time to exert such an influence. Now a description of this influence, a sociological inquiry, a work of *Ideengeschichte* might be of great interest. But, in fact, only one chapter, ten pages long, at the end of the book is directly concerned with this topic: the remaining 122 pages (not counting the Introduction) are an attempt to refute philosophically, point by point, the philosophical views then held by Ayer. One would be surprised to read in the introduction to a book, that its author's intention was to examine the effects of the theory of evolution upon general thought, and then to find that nine-tenths of the book was devoted to picking holes in an eloquent and popular exposition of Darwinism, valuable no doubt in its day, by T. H. Huxley.

Nor can Dr. Joad sensibly claim that his work is persuasive in intention, that it is designed to combat the alleged pernicious effects of Logical Positivism by exposing its errors. For obviously the intelligent young men, to whom he refers, if they were intelligent enough to be influenced by the first edition of Ayer's book in 1936, are now busy being influenced by Ayer's later writings, and by the printed works of Wisdom, Ryle, Austin and others. And whether or not Dr. Joad has any knowledge of the philosophical output of the last fifteen fertile years, no suspicion of that knowledge is allowed to creep into this book.

I have not the space for—nor is the world in need of—detailed replies to Dr. Joad's collection of points; amongst them he catches Ayer out from time to time in a careless formulation or a slack piece of reasoning. Amongst his various misrepresentations of Ayer's views, certainly the wildest is his account of Ayer's theory of Logical Constructions. Anyone who can believe that a technically competent philosopher ever held such a theory can believe anything; but, worse than this, the most cursory reading of any one of several dozen philosophical papers of the last twenty years should have revealed the meaning of the ubiquitous phrase "logical construction."

Naturally Dr. Joad's chief interest lies in that part of Logical Positivist doctrine which has attracted most popular attention, namely the so-called Emotive Theory of value judgments. The classical exposition of this doctrine is contained in Stevenson's now celebrated *Ethics and Language*. Dr. Joad does not refer to this important work; his eye is glued to the twenty pages which contain Ayer's brief remarks on the subject. Ayer's cursory treatment, however, does not excuse Dr. Joad's gross misrepresentation of the theory. Positivists do not say that ethical words in their normative use, have no meaning; they say that they have no descriptive meaning. One great achievement of modern philosophy, of which Dr. Joad seems quite unaware, is to liberate us from the myth (already denounced by Berkeley) that

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M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

all sentences in the indicative mood function as descriptive statements. We now understand that there are different sorts of meaning, that words have different functions; the function of ethical words, used normatively, is immensely important, but it is not to describe either the actual world or one of Dr. Joad's super-sensible worlds. Dr. Joad's own views commit the elementary howler of deriving "ought" statements from supposed statements of fact—I say "supposed" for these statements claim to be the reports of the finding of Dr. Joad's moral intuition (alas! uncheckable by the rest of us) in its investigations into a super-sensible world.

The last chapter well illustrates this confusion of factual judgments and persuasive expressions. Here, in ten brief pages, the author at last deals with the avowed subject of the book, namely the effects of Ayer's doctrine upon contemporary thought and morals. The chapter should, therefore, be a sociological report, a series of factual judgments. But inextricably entangled with a minute kernel of factual judgments is a mass of emotive and attitude-arousing language. Logical Positivism "questions the validity of ethics," "erodes desirable beliefs," "promotes undesirable beliefs," and so on. Such factual judgments as there are, are not based upon induction from observed instances of the effects that Logical Positivism has actually had upon Messrs. X, Y and Z; wisely, for such evidence as there is goes to show that Logical Positivists are the last people likely to embrace Fascism, Communism or a life of unbridled licentiousness, and that if the theory has any effect upon the moral attitudes of its supporters, that effect is perhaps slightly to strengthen the moral feelings connected with kindliness and benevolence, and slightly to weaken the moral feelings, obedience to which seems to have done little for human happiness. No, Dr. Joad's arguments are rather of that dangerous kind, based upon supposed psychological generalisations as to how people *would* act, *if* they came to believe so-and-so.

The rhetorical or emotive parts of this chapter are based upon the attitude (criticised by Dr. Joad himself) that it is better for people to believe something thought by Dr. Joad to be desirable, even if they can't see the truth of that something. The chapter is in fact a plea for that obscurantism, that belief in doctrines for the sake of belief, and not because the doctrines are true, to which Dr. Joad claims that Logical Positivism leads. And this type of obscurantism is historically associated with the effort of absolute rulers to keep themselves in power; whereas the anti-metaphysical tradition, of which logical positivism is the latest heir, has invariably been found in company with liberal and radical political attitudes.

Whatever Dr. Joad's degree of acquaintance with modern philosophy, it is surely rather surprising to find the best-known of popular expositors totally misrepresenting the theories of Kant. And yet on page 94 Dr. Joad sums up (and incidentally endorses) Kant's views as follows:

> Our ability to make meaningful statements about the world of science implies the existence of a world which transcends that of science, a world which contains laws, general principles and numbers and to which logic and mathematics belong.

Has he perhaps confused Kant with Plato? For this comes near to the view, which it was Kant's life work to attempt to destroy.

MARCUS DICK

TRUTH AND THE WAR

by

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ENDURING CHINA

A History of China from Earliest Times to the Present Day. By WOLFRAM EBERHARD. *Routledge.* 21s.

It is because *A History of China* is written by a social anthropologist who has carried out researches in China that this book is in advance of many others on the same subject. Professor Eberhard (now lecturing in Oriental Sociology in the University of California) lays stress on the tributaries which have flown into and become part of Chinese civilisation. It is understandable that many students have chosen to linger on the peaks of the Han and T'ang Dynasties. But four hundred years separate those brilliant periods of Chinese history, and Professor Eberhard is an original, interesting guide along the darker, confused valleys of the Epoch of the First Division of China (A.D. 220-580). Look at those waves of non-Chinese nomad dynasties pouring over the north, he says; the Turks and the Mongols introducing different traditions of feudal nobility; the Tibetans with their purely military organisation. Meanwhile, in the South, Buddhism provides the first serious challenge to the dominant philosophies of Confucius and Lao Tzu, and whilst the Chinese gentry retire to their ivory towers, Indian, Sogdian and Turkestan monks translate all the important Buddhist writings into Chinese, sowing the seeds of T'ang culture, making a lasting impression on the art, the literature and the philosophy of China.

The T'ang Dynasty collapsed when the peasant masses were well enough organised to defeat the alliance of the corrupt military governors with the Turks who were called in to suppress popular risings. The lower peaks and the higher valleys, which alternate to compose the rhythm of the journey through Chinese history from A.D. 906 to the twentieth century, repeat the sequence of earlier days. Professor Eberhard (admirably translated from the German by E. W. Dickes) presents an unusually clear picture of the social forces which have influenced China, and of her ability to assimilate and adapt those ideas which have penetrated her frontiers. Basing his views on sociological rather than political theory, he suggests that the problems of China to-day are the same that she faced in her Middle Ages:

> If what happened in China in 1946-48 had happened two or more centuries ago, our judgment would have been quite clear; it would have been that Nationalist China collapsed because its internal problems, especially the land problem, had proved insoluble. Revolt came as a result, and the revolutionaries succeeded because they made a new division of the land, eliminated the corrupt officials, and, at first at all events, replaced them by honest and relatively efficient ones. But the present movement is no longer a simple popular rising of the type of the T'ai P'ing rebellion of the nineteenth century. The Communist movement, dating from the separation in 1927 of the Left from the Right wing of the People's Party, has relations with Russia. It is not merely a popular rising of Chinese peasants but also part of an international movement.

To travellers, whose prejudices may cloud their perspective, our sociological guide adds the important corrective that it is oversimplifying the issue to say that Communist China will be a tool of Russia as the Kuomintang was of America. Given time to build her own country and to solve the age-long problem of the land with the help of Russia and other countries willing to respect her independence, China will remain China, even if her system of society is as far removed from that of Confucius as our own is from the Middle Ages.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

WHEN VOLTAIRE CAME

Voltaire's England. Edited by DESMOND FLOWER. *Folio Society.* 16s.

With Voltaire, England was a favourite theme; in fact he had discovered England, as he could not assert too often. His *Letters on the English* were the firstfruits of this exploit; and afterwards it never ceased to crop up, although he never dwelt on it again with such continuity. The present volume has assembled much—not all—of what he said here or there, on English life, literature and thought.

Let us be frank: the things he said have worn rather badly. To-day a good many of the *Letters* would be slow work, because from our point of view they have the wrong subjects. Voltaire is no authority on Bacon, to say the least of it; Voltaire on Newtonian physics is a clear waste of time. On English history and government he is not so dull, but not much more valuable. When it comes to poetry, to direct experience, his judgments can still amuse, but on the whole they have declined into curiosities. The book which would have kept its lustre is the book he chose not to write; the "mere" description of his visit started in Letter One, and then for ever dropped. It hardly bears thinking of—the record we might owe to his unique talent, his lengthy stay and his superb opportunities.

Yet why repine, after all? That wonderful unwritten book is only a daydream; it would not really have been possible, nor would it have been in character. For to begin with, he was fond of secrecy about his personal doings. Then, he had none of Boswell's passion for the world of sense, and for recording men as they seem. Voltaire was the observer with an axe to grind, asking not, What is it? or, How am I to set it down? but, Have I a use for it? Although his mind was always racing over wide areas, he would have said with Rochester ("a man of genius and a great poet") that:

> Thoughts were giv'n for Action's Government;
> Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.

Indeed, he saw fit to translate this passage—if it can be called translation. He called it "free"; but when compared with the original it proves to be very active, an almost comic illustration of its own point. And as he dealt with Rochester, he dealt with England at large. It could be used, and he proceeded to annexe it for exploitation.

Activity, for him, had two supreme ends; the cause of liberty and progress, and the reputation of M. de Voltaire. He always had an eye to both, which was all the easier because they tended to

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GOLLANCZ

overlap. When he extolled English freedoms—constitutional government, equality before the law, freedom of the press, of worship, and above all of speculation—he was glancing at his own wrongs; but he was also thoroughly sincere, and even carried away. "How I love the English daring!" he exclaimed privately. "How I love people who say what they think!" This was a nation of philosophers, "learned, witty, despising life and death"; and as for Locke, he was *the* philosopher, he was Right Reason incarnate. Voltaire fell, metaphorically, on his neck. And having met with the ideas that suited him, the kind of liberty he wanted at home, he was too keen on propaganda to be bothered with simple journalising. Which may be just as well for our amour-propre.

But Voltaire's work as a transmitter was not done free. Henceforth, he claimed a royalty on all products of the English influence. He was the source, the pioneer, the first and supreme authority; for all French purposes, he had invented England. He kept on saying so through a long lifetime—multiplying the tribute in many voices, for he was a shameless ventriloquist. Take one example of the genre, from an unsigned article in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*:

> Milton was never heard of in France until the author of the *Henriade*, in his *Essay on Epic Poetry*, gave us an idea of him. This writer was indeed, if I mistake not, the first to bring us acquainted with the English Poets, as he was first to explain the discoveries of Newton, and the sentiments of Locke. . . .

And so on and on; with such indelible effect that Lytton Strachey writes of his English visit as "a turning-point in the history of civilisation." True, he admits the same thing would have happened anyhow—but it was Voltaire who did the work.

To be precise, it not only would have happened; it was already happening through other channels. Voltaire was early in the field, but not so lonely as he made out. Still, as an intellectual force he was worth a multitude; of all the Frenchmen who discovered England about this time, he had the largest audience, the longest run, and out of sight the greatest talent for publicity. And one can therefore easily accept half his claim. The English liberal ideas were right up his street, and he did more than anyone to hasten their popularity. But it was not so with the English poets. He took them up—as other Frenchmen had begun to do, rather gingerly; then he was sorry, and attempted to put them down. But all his influence, his perseverance, and one must say, his knavish tricks, were here employed in vain. For here the *Zeitgeist* was against him.

It is a fascinating theme—this impact of English "barbarism" on the pundits of *le bon goût*, outwardly complacent, yet already stirred by pre-romantic disquiet. And Voltaire plays a comic role. But one can't go into it, and Mr. Flower, unfortunately, gives no idea of it. Indeed, I think he has compiled the wrong book. This is a meal of scraps, unsatisfying from the word go; he could have done much better with the title *Voltaire and England*, and a background of exposition. But the scraps are good in themselves, and there are fourteen Hogarth illustrations into the bargain.

K. JOHN

CHRISTIE JUBILEE

A Murder is Announced. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
Uneasy is the Grave. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
Four Lost Ladies. By STUART PALMER. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
The Long Escape. By DAVID DODGE. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
Murdering Mr. Velfrage. By ROY VICKERS. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.
Death in Perpetuity. By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.
The Odds Run Out. By HILLARY WAUGH. *Boardman.* 8s. 6d.
The Darker the Night. By HERBERT BREAN. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Hang By Your Neck. By HENRY KANE. *Boardman.* 8s. 6d.
Evening Standard Detective Book. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Mrs. Christie celebrates her jubilee this year with her fiftieth volume of detection; and on such an occasion pilgrims to her shrine ought surely to preface any criticism of their deity with a little homage. Since she first flabbergasted the public thirty years ago with *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, her cult has not gone unquestioned. Charges of heresy have often been levelled against the Christie gospel: *Roger Ackroyd* roused a furore among the Old Believers, who had been weaned on Sherlock Holmes. To make the narrator turn out to be the criminal in person was nothing short of a barefaced swindle; or at the very least a flagrant breach of the rules of detection. But that was only one instance of her sly tricks of unwarrantable deception. Words of vituperation were not minced. An American gentleman in the same line of business did not flinch from the sweeping statement: "She never played completely fair with the reader in her life." Wild words! For the etiquette of detection can vary from time to time like that of cricket; and the accusations of unfairness are now as out of date as bygone talk of bodyline bowling.

It is not Mrs. Christie who has modified her practices, but her readers, who have learnt to recognise ruefully the stamp of genius after many a worsting. The game she plays, strictly according to her own rules, is a deadly one; and it is no use appealing to a hypothetical umpire when she bowls you out. "You know my methods, Watson." We do, indeed, by now; and that knowledge robs us of our last excuse, if caught napping.

A Murder is Announced offers some fine opportunities to go napping. Never has it been so important to follow Mrs. Christie's artless prose word by word—even to the extent of casting a suspicious eye at what look like misprints! In the Personal column of the local paper a small item is inserted: "A murder is announced and will take place on Friday, October 29th, at Little Paddocks at 6.30 p.m. Friends please accept this, the only intimation." Further murders take place unannounced, after Miss Marple intrudes on the scene. If it were not that Mrs. Christie's plots all conform to sealed pattern, one might imagine that she had specially chosen this jubilee occasion to parade the paraphernalia of her art. At any rate she turns out the whole bag of tricks; the suspects who are types, not personalities (so that one can never object that they behave out of character, since they have no characters); the long arm of coincidence, stretched to its fullest extent; the mechanics of the crime that one must admit to be just feasible—with raised eyebrows; the inconspicuous clues in lavish profusion; the perfect motive; the staggering solution: and all the time the flicker of the conjuror's hands, misdirecting one's attention. *A Murder is Announced* is a heady wine that will stand comparison with the Christies of any but the best vintage years.

John Stephen Strange, for all her masculine pseudonym, is too much of a lady-novelist to enjoy baffling or bewildering the reader. In *Uneasy is the Grave*, fortunately, she has nothing to hide. The discovery of some old bones on an island off the New England coast launches the heroine into unburdening herself of her dark past in a long, tremulous wail of reminiscence. American authoresses are adept at such feminine outpourings. In this case a twist of events, which fixes the blame for the old bones in an unexpected quarter, brings a twinge of surprise to enliven the last pages of the pleasantly romantic story.

Hildegarde Withers has been away from her sleuthing too long to please her many admirers. In *Four Lost Ladies* she returns with terrific zest to hunt down the sinister individual, who has spirited away three middle-aged women from a New York luxury hotel: the fourth was somewhat blatantly tossed out of a thirty-eighth floor window. To lure the monster from hiding, Hildegarde proffers herself as a fifth victim in succulent disguise. Mr. Stuart Palmer's hand has lost none of its cunning. The plot is tricky, the narrative brisk and amusing, while the solution flatters the reader's perspicacity: at the unmasking the villain is revealed as none other than the fellow we were clever enough to spot.

A battle of wits between punctilious Chilean aristocrats and an unceremonious American private detective forms the gist of *The Long Escape*; but the dice are loaded so unfairly in favour of the snooper that the result is a foregone conclusion. One's sympathies remain firmly attached to the losing side. Mr. David Dodge's particular blend of toughness and sentimentality, well suited to a hero struggling against fate, develops into heartless brutality, when the horrid hero goes hounding down an inoffensive victim. *The Long Escape* proves how easily the excitement of a well-written thriller can turn to dust, once the author gets his values wrong.

Murdering Mr. Velfrage and *Death in Perpetuity* exhibit the chronic weakness of English detection: the pace of both is funereal. Mr. Vickers is particularly disappointing, as he has written good detective short stories, and his opening pages bristle with possibilities. An elderly solicitor walks into a house and vanishes: three minutes later there is no sign of him on the premises. But, from then on, the plot dithers, sentiment has to have its fling and—worst of all—long before we learn the actual fate of Mr. Velfrage we are painfully aware who is to be saddled with it. Mr. Douglas Browne is also afflicted with slow motion. The plot of *Death in Perpetuity* is based, without acknowledgment, on the famous Wallace Case, transposed from Manchester to Brighton. Not that Mr. Browne can elucidate that mystery; but he has a far-fetched motive of his own to propound for knocking on the head a woman like Julia Wallace. The title of the book (which roguishly betrays the

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His boisterous family
shouting with glee,
Paterfamilias sits
by the sea;
And he sighs, as he watches
them bob up and down,
For the peace and the quiet
of his office in town.

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

solution) is apt in more ways than one: the inquest on Julia Wallace seems destined to be everlasting.

Of the last three Americans on the list, *Odds Run Out* is passable, *The Darker the Night* bearable, and *Hang By Your Neck* almost intolerable. Mr. Waugh sends Sheridan and Diana Wesley, with their over-life-size charm, routing round Connecticut for clues, just because a body has been washed up on their beach. The crime has been neatly premeditated, and anyone may be tempted to take the wrong turning who assumes that *Odds Run Out* is as artless as it appears at first sight. Mr. Brean wrote *Wilders Walks Away* and won a prize for it. No prize, I hope, awaits *The Darker the Night*, whose tough intentions are fraught with tame conclusions. Instead of a problem we are beset with a society hypnotist, capable of throwing the reader into such a trance that he never finishes the book. The only reason for reading *Hang By Your Neck* that I can suggest is to keep abreast of the boisterous American language. Mr. Kane has at least a generous vocabulary of neologisms, almost all of them of some unpleasant, if not ignoble, significance. "Yessing the carpet" and "making the pretzel" are the sort of postures that even a reviewer knows it would be "terrible tough titty" to adopt.

The *Evening Standard Detective Book* of 32 short stories that have already appeared in that newspaper's columns contains many of the highest quality, and is strongly recommended as a bedside book.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

INDIA, FREE BUT DISILLUSIONED

Betrayal in India. By D. F. KARAKA. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Like the Irish, Karaka has to be "agin' something." In the past the alien rulers of India were the target of his broadsides—if the term can be used to describe his racy attacks, sometimes ribald, often amusing and always readable, against all who did not see eye to eye with him. Now he has turned his guns on the first independent Indian administration and, knowing the feeling of disillusionment and frustration that has developed among many Indians since the coming of freedom, one may be pardoned for expecting his latest book to be couched in strong terms. But Karaka has not been unduly sensational; he has done a very competent job of reporting in this 250-page summing-up of India's troubles since 1947, and if he has refrained from trying to be unhelpfully clever in the old style, that is all to the good.

Weaving a certain amount of autobiographical detail into his lively record of current history Karaka takes us through the wretched tale of the bloodletting that followed partition. Doubtless he felt it essential to the completeness of the record, but in fairness to all parties it has to be said that an amputation of this magnitude was humanly impossible without a great deal of bloodshed. What happened then is best forgotten; and the great fact is that a measure of order was established in India within a year or so, and in a manner which augured well for the future.

It is disappointing to well-wishers of India that the promise was not realised and shows no signs of being realised. For this Karaka finds various reasons—the trend towards totalitarianism in the use of emergency powers to curtail the freedom of the individual and of the press; corruption in high places; bungling of problems like food; overspending on arms and on schemes of sentimental rather than real importance. He quotes critics who can hardly be described as biased against Congress or the government: a unanimous resolution of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference on provincial press restrictions; the views of High Court judges on steps taken under public security measures; the charge made by the editor of Gandhi's old paper, *The Harijan*, against Congressmen cashing in on past sacrifices. Even the Congress President felt impelled, in a directive to the party, to deplore the tendency to profit by the influence party men could use with ministers and officials.

These problems may be common in newly liberated lands. But it is bad to find the men at the helm impatient of criticism and unwilling to admit mistakes when they have been guilty of Himalayan blunders. "All criticism hurts the sensitive skin of the government. . . . The more incompetent it grows, the less it likes being told so." These words of Nehru's written 12 years ago of other rulers are now thrown back at him by his critics. The fads and fetishes of the days of political agitation are causing a great waste of energy and wealth. What does it matter if India uses English words like "telephone" when no convenient Hindi or Sanskrit word is available, if the problem of a national anthem is unsolved, if streets and cities even bear non-Indian names? Steps like total prohibition and the ban on horse racing can be absolutely ruinous to local administration shorn of tax revenue.

More serious still is the way the food problem is being handled. A policy of decontrol was once adopted just because Gandhi said that "experienced men who do not happen to occupy ministerial chairs" strongly felt that controls should end. A year ago, Nehru declared that "no matter what happened, even if people died," India would stop food imports after two years—and thereby committed the country to an almost impossible production target.

The mistakes of a party in office which once professed to champion the cause of workers and peasants can only lead to an increase of prestige for the Communists, and Karaka, who has felt at first hand the power behind the movement in China, now "the well-dressed window of Communism in the east," realises this, though he feels that additional stimulus to Red propaganda has come through the opening of diplomatic missions by Communist countries in Delhi. If he thinks that "a near-Fascist state . . . can hardly be expected to survive when all around the colour is changing to red," it would seem that the only hope for India is to acquire a more democratic complexion. The attitude of the masses towards the party in power is illustrated by the lack of support Congress receives from the labour movement, and by the results of important by-elections in the two biggest cities—Calcutta and Bombay—which have gone against Congress despite vigorous electioneering.

Nehru is acclaimed internationally, according to Karaka, more for what he has done in the past than for what he is doing. This reviewer, after hearing hysterical females call Nehru "the greatest statesman in the world" to his face, was reminded of Chiang, for eight short years ago the Generalissimo was hailed as the greatest Asiatic public man of the twentieth century. Frank criticism, even at the risk of encouraging the diehards to say "I told you so," is needed to bring Nehru down to earth from the clouds, and Karaka, who obviously has a high personal regard for India's Prime Minister, has performed a public service by sounding a note of warning in urgent but well-reasoned terms.

BERNARD FONSECA

THIS OBSCENE LITTLE PERSONAGE

Kean, the Life and Paradox of the Great Actor. *By* GILES PLAYFAIR. *Reinhardt & Evans.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Playfair's Kean in its new edition firmly takes place as the definitive Life. In the prevailing poverty of theatre scholarship his candle shines bright. It makes intelligent discussion of his period possible, but since Kean was in some sense a creation of Hazlitt's, I wish Mr. Playfair had brought all the Hazlitt criticism together and included a chapter on Kean's style.

If Kean came back—not to Drury Lane but, say, to the Haymarket—should we fall under the spell or laugh him off the stage? There is so much material we ought to be able to find an answer, and I suspect it would be in Kean's favour. Certainly he was often a ham actor. He fell in a fit and foamed at the mouth as Sir Giles Overreach. In another role Hazlitt complains he put in "more point and

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emphasis than is required in the common scenes." Yet this is not quite the same thing as being ham, and Hazlitt always argued, against Leigh Hunt for instance whom he converted, that Kean was "a natural actor." (In our worse English we should say "a naturalistic actor.") Hazlitt's description of his Iago sounds like a Noël Coward creation: "trim levity and epigrammatic conciseness." Is this ham? Kean's Abel Drugger was "an exquisite piece of ludicrous naiveté." As Hamlet, after his scene with Ophelia, he used to come back "after he had gone to the extremity of the stage from a pang of parting tenderness to press his lips to Ophelia's hand. It had an electrical effect on the house. It was the finest commentary that ever was made on Shakespeare." But here, surely, Hazlitt is becoming a bit ham himself?

Kean's life, as distinct from his acting, Mr. Playfair approaches judicially. He holds the scales fairly, and where confusion prevailed he produces clarity. Kean lived as energetically as he acted. Of course he was preposterously inflated: but just as you're saying this you have to admit he was inspired. Born—how right!—in 1789, undersized like Napoleon, "the bastard son of a strumpet and a lunatic," self-made, a failure as a touring actor, he tramped the roads with his son on his back, starving on one-night stands. Then, hey presto, he made a hit in one performance of Shylock on January 26th, 1814, within a few weeks had saved Drury Lane from bankruptcy, was an international figure by the summer—he played Othello before the Emperor of all the Russias, and the King of Prussia, Prinny's guests on June 16—by the autumn he had made £4,000. Society patronised him. He treated lordlings without deference; defiantly took a house in Clarges Street and entertained like a gentleman—but had the habit of slipping away afterwards to his favourite taverns were he gathered a secret society of his own called "The Wolves," a cross between a claque and a Jacobin cell. He kept a tame lion, rode recklessly, seduced or was seduced by the wife of a city alderman: and, when after years of complacency the alderman filed his suit, Kean's love-letters became a pornographic scandal. *The Times*, apologising for mentioning such things in "the more distinguished parts of the paper", wrote leading articles demanding that "this obscene little personage" be driven off the stage. He was howled down but came back and won. Then he had to go through it all again in the U.S. a year later. At 44 he collapsed on Covent Garden stage while playing Othello, and Iago, who was his son Charles, carried him off to his death-bed. No wonder Dumas found Kean's life a subject made to his hand!

He is the supreme example of how a great actor can kill drama all round him. Clearly he was no man to defer to new authors. His power of memorising parts left him early in life, and in the one new play he wanted to succeed because it was by his friend Grattan, he stood foolishly in an expensive new costume with scarcely a line in his head. (This happened also when rather late he attempted Henry V.) Like a music hall star his power was in the endless repetition of a few roles, performances that varied little in detail (and how Hazlitt used to complain when they did!).

Mr. Playfair quotes Vandenhoff on his Othello:

> It ran on the same tones and semitones, had the same rests and breaks, the same forte and piano, the same crescendo and diminuendo, night after night as if he spoke it from a musical score.

Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III, and a rather odd Richard II, were his best roles. His Lear matured, his Macbeth had moments but tailed off, his Romeo, like Irving's, was dreadful.

He was a showman in an era of showmen. Mr. Playfair is, I think, too uncritical of these tropical flowers of private enterprise, the contemporary managers like Elliston and the rest. He traces with delight their gallop to bankruptcy and reserves his attacks for the Committee—for a time it included Byron—which ran Drury Lane before the showmen appeared. Without much evidence Mr Playfair consistently blackguards the committee, though this forerunner of the Arts Council at least avoided bankruptcy and discovered Kean. The showmen, who then took over, treated Kean like a performing lion, played him in strange contests with rival stars, speeded his ruin and exploited it—and ended as bankrupts themselves.

"There's no business like show business" for smothering art, yet one cannot simply blame the showmen, or Kean. The English theatre was on the steep and slippery slope before Kean appeared. After he died it went down faster. Mr. Playfair doesn't regard this as any of his business as a biographer. His standards of relevance—and of fair-mindedness—are high. Yet is there not a touch of smugness in the judicial approach that ends by denying justice? Sometimes Mr. Playfair patronises Kean—for instance when he is telling how the actor struggled to get himself some Latin and less Greek—and he is grossly unfair to Kean's mistress, Charlotte Cox. More seriously a certain legal-mindedness inhibits Mr. Playfair in his handling of the class conflicts in Kean's life. There was a special quality in Kean's defiance which made *The Times* rage so obscenely, and I suspect this is partly what inspired Hazlitt. We feel it in this life, too, but as if against the biographer's will.

MONTAGU SLATER

George Saintsbury: A Last Vintage. Essays and Papers. *Methuen* 15*s*.

This is a companion to the *Memorial Volume* of Saintsbury's essays produced five years ago, on the centenary of his birth. It is fitting that there should be a last offering to seal the tomb of this Olympian critic; his labours were of such immensity that the loose ends might be gathered in for ever. The book brings together some sixty pieces of fugitive writing, and is prefaced by three personal portraits. That by Miss Helen Waddell, of Saintsbury, as the solitary scholar, a gaunt Merlin "islanded in a fast-encroaching sea of books," is the most sympathetic. Nor does the collection itself betray the picture of an almost legendary figure: the great range of subject is there, the humour, the covert and idiosyncratic allusions, the cavalier treatment of language, the ardour and prejudice with which all his work is infused. It is no surprise to find him writing with equal mind, if not with equal result, on such diversities as Xenophon, wigs, wines, Proust, Diderot's art-criticisms, Marryat, Dullness, or the Abbé Prévost. Saintsbury is essentially a great cursory judge; if he rarely says anything exceptional, his estimates are always sound and stimulating. These reprinted pieces are mainly by-products, often displaying the defects of his many years of journalism, or of the frequent habit of retiring behind his own erudition. They confirm that he sees wide, but not deep, that his attitude is fundamentally generous, and opposed to the specialisation that sometimes brings off the perfect analysis. The volume concludes with a valuable and awe-inspiring bibliography.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,068

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines of verse from a descriptive passage of The Bank Holiday Scene, as it might have been observed by any one of the following: Milton, Pope, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rupert Brooke, Eliot, Auden. Entries by August 15th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,065

Set by T. C. Worsley

Dr. Edith Summerskill is reported as having said in a week-end speech that "teachers must instruct small boys . . . that fighting with their fists was uncivilised." The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a novel of school life at a time when the Summerskill code was being introduced. Limit 200 words.

Report by T. C. Worsley

Dr. Arnold was no less opposed to fighting than Dr. Summerskill. "I expect you to stop all fights in future at once," he told young Brooke, as J. B. B. Aris reminds us in an ingenious entry consisting exclusively of complete sentences from *Tom Brown's Schooldays* rearranged in a *montage*. A. M. Sayers, too, played an amusing variation on the Brown-East theme. Most competitors, though, deplored the new Code, some with as little humour on their side as the Doctor seems to have displayed on hers. Too many competitors, instead of assuming the conditions, wasted their space on explaining them. But this helped to sort the entry. Very close behind the winners were Edward Blishen, Fergie, G. J. Blundell, and particularly Peter Alexander. Two guineas to Christopher, and a guinea each to the others printed below.

The study door burst open just as Jackie had the last of the muffins toasted. The two prefects looked up from their knitting with raised eyebrows at the intruder, who was obviously all agog with some news.

"They've caught Anstruther and Featherstonehaugh at it in the sewing-room," he said excitedly. The two seniors glanced uneasily at the fag who was doing his best to appear absorbed in his task of buttering the muffins, and signalled silence.

"Run along youngster," said Molyneux, "and find my pattern book. I think I left it in the hammock. I'll finish spreading the butter."

Jackie went off reluctantly and almost killed with curiosity. In the corridor, however, he ran unexpectedly into another fag, "say Monty, what have Ansty and Feathers been up to," he asked eagerly.

"Heavens, man, haven't you heard. Fighting, of course." "Oh, that," said Jackie disappointedly.

CHRISTOPHER

"Go on," said Oliver, astounded.

"He made fun of me," faltered Stephen, "because I wouldn't fight. You know how I promised mother not to fight with my fists, Noll. I tried to explain that progressive people didn't fight, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"The cad!" cried Oliver, and turning to Wrayford said:

"Wray, I shall thra—I shall challenge Loman to a game of chess."

"Oh, Noll!" cried Stephen in great distress, "don't, please, you know you're hopeless at chess. It was all my fault."

"Shut up, Stee," said Oliver, not unkindly, and turning to the others added:

"Right you are, you fellows. After tea, then, in the common room."

Now it must be said of the Dominicans that, however foolish they may have been in other respects, however reactionary, however jealous of one another, however well satisfied with themselves, a point which they all took seriously to heart was that they should never fight. They could forgive a schoolfellow for disobedience sometimes, or perhaps for not fully understanding the rule of law, but fighting, and especially boxing, were things which nothing would excuse, and which they felt not only a disgrace to the boy concerned but a disgrace to themselves.

P. F. S. WICKER

Dr. Finch, surveying the jolly Sports Day scene, was well satisfied. St. Nicholas' had held the cricket cup, their rivals' bowler having once forgotten himself to the extent of bowling overarm. In the Inter-House Arbitration Contest the captain of Peavitt's had scored telling points against Graham's. The Doctor had feared the worst when a rounders player had grazed his knee, but his chums had revived the fainting lad.

He tore himself away, to the strains of the school song:

> "St. Nicholas' for ever!
> The school where we have learned
> That soft reply makes anger fly;
> Where other cheeks are turned. . . ."

Passing the Old Nicholian Conscientious Objectors Memorial, he entered his study. Copeman was waiting, his brutal face displaying Neanderthal tendencies.

"Now, sir," said the Doctor, "explain your unprovoked attack upon the boy Smithers."

"He called my father a quack," replied Copeman truculently.

"You well know," said the Head sorrowfully, "that you should have sent Smithers a strong protest. Instead, you are the aggressor, and I'm going to give you ten!"

Copeman paled. He had never been swished. Defiantly he bent forward.

"Why are you adopting that ridiculous posture, boy? Here are ten anti-adrenalin tablets. Take one before each meal, and report to me when they are consumed."

D. R. PEDDY

. . . "Yow! Yaroo! Ouch!"

The agonised cries of Gillie Punter were undoubtedly suggestive of aggravated assault. Spode, his gloved hands upraised threateningly, was uncertain whether he was committing a felony or a misdemeanour, but was past caring as he succumbed to his baser instincts.

"Stop!"

The incisive carefully chosen word of Wientrowicz cut across Spode's emotional degradation. Wientrowicz, having studied the scene carefully for some minutes, turned to Spode.

"You're engaged in the practice of fisticuffs!"

Spode remained sullen, faced with this carefully weighed accusation. Wientrowicz was deeply respected both for his integrity and for his brilliant intellect. He had won his first NEW STATESMAN competition at the age of eight.

"Apparently there is a dispute to be settled here," he remarked. Spode blushed guiltily at this perspicacity. How could he reveal that he was merely persuading Punter to share the contents of his latest parcel from America?

"I shall be pleased to act on your behalf, Punter," continued Spode quietly.

"Oh, please, please, Veeney," bleated Punter.

"To-night, then, Spode." Wientrowicz's voice was steely. "After Prep in the Library. Twenty questions each out of Blackstone. I'll ask the Headmaster to act as Judge."

"LEE"

Christopher closed the door of the Head's study behind him and walked unhappily out on to the deserted playing-fields.

He was surprised to hear someone hail him. It was Loder, the school bully.

"I'm beastly sorry about your black eye, young Martin! You didn't split on me, did you?"

"I'm not a sneak, Loder," replied our hero softly.

"I'm sorry, Martin! Look here, may I call you Chris? I would like us to be chums. . . . What did the Beak say?"

Martin told him. Loder whistled. "Great Scott! But if you're kept in to-morrow, you won't be able to play against the Plumbing Apprentices' Evening Institute!"

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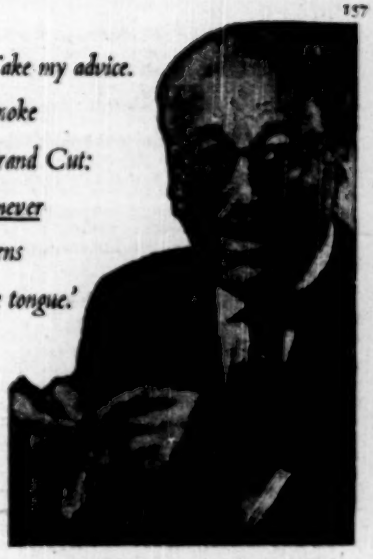

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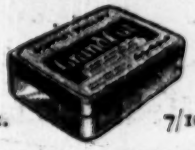

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"I'm afraid so, Loder. But look here, if we're to be chums, will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything, Chris, anything!"

"Will you promise me that so long as you live, you'll never, never, hit another human being again?"

"But why, Chris, why?"

"Because, don't you see, that it's a beastly, barbaric way of settling an argument?"

"I never thought of it like that, Chris. All right, then—I promise!"

Needless to say, our young friend was overjoyed.

"Then shake hands, Loder, old man!"

DEREK BARNARD

CHESS: Merry-go-round

No. 48

I like to think of some specially quiet corner in the Elysian Fields reserved exclusively for chess players. Angels there, strictly forbidden to bring their harps, let alone their trumpets, will gently flap their wings while Nimzovitch is holding forth excitedly, explaining Hypermodern Chess to polite Philidor and sceptical Labourdonnais; and only a few clouds away the original Señor Ruy Lopez will listen silently to Dr. Tarrasch lecturing an unconvinced Staunton on his pet-theories of the Ruy Lopez. As for the chess players sent to the other place—maybe, for pawn-snatching or incurable time-trouble—I imagine them condemned to play their dullest draws on and on, repeating the same set of moves or giving perpetual check in real perpetuity. It seems a ghastly rather than a merry go-round, and a sad prospect for some of us.

As for the more immediate prospect of a long week-end, readers will find a merrier go-round in this position which happened in 1938 at a place called Sprendlingen and to a man oddly called Faust. Even the omniscient Kurt Richter fails to report if it was a Dr. Faust. At any rate he had Black and having already sacrificed one R unsoundly he now proceeded to sacrifice the other one most soundly. Starting with Q-K8ch, he set a real merry-go-round in (perpetual) motion.

A decisive result was achieved in a position reported in the Swedish journal *Schackvärlden*. Black played R-K5 and expected his opponent to resign. White didn't; he played B x Pch, and after the Black K had taken the B, he was checked by White's Q-Kt8. The Black Q interposed, whereupon the White Q checked at QR8 and mated at QR2. "J'adoube," said Black (somewhat belatedly), "I meant to interpose the R." But after R-K3 (instead of Q-K3), he was mated "the other way round" by Q-Kt2, followed by Q-QR2.

Here is a merry-go-round study I had earmarked for a competition; but on second thought, it seems cruel thus to spoil their week-end as well as their score in the point-to-point race for a good many competitors.

A: Dr. T. Dobrusky, 1903

R. M. Kasparjan, 1938

White to move and draw! A tough proposition, soluble only by the sacrifice of yet another R. (1) Q-R7ch, K-Kt4 (best). (2) R-Q5ch, K-Kt5. (3) Q-R5ch, K-B5. (4) Q-KR2ch, K-K5 (best). (5) R-K5ch!! Q x R (best). (6) Q-K2ch, and now the White Q begins to chase the K around from her Q-Kt2 to QKt5, QKt8, K8, KR8, KR5, KR2, K2 and so on *ad nauseam*.

B: Dr. E. Zepler, 1937

C: Dr. E. Birgfeld, 1918

This week-end's competition may be simplified by the general hint that the same theme is observed "all round." In A it is the White Q girding up her loins to administer a mate in 4. In B it is the Black B careering around in a vain effort to preserve his Sovereign from being mated in 5. C is a "self-mate" in 4, which means that White, intent on suicide, forces Black to mate the White K in 4 moves.

Each problem rates 5 points. White to move in every case. Usual prizes. Entries by August 14th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 15

A: The Kt, bound for KKt6, must go via QB1 and K2 (taking the P). If the Kt went via QB5, it would lead to stalemate.

B: (1) K-B3, P-K4. (2) R-Q4 ch, P x R. (3) K-B4, P-Q6. (4) P x P mate.

C: (1) Q-Q3, P-KKt5. (2) Q-B4 ch, etc.

The field for the 2nd point-to-point race, now under way, includes most of the old competitors and quite a few newcomers. Again we have some youngsters as well as octogenerians; there are one or two famous masters as well as those who profess to be beginners; there are foreign competitors as far afield as Sweden and Portugal.

In the current competition B proved an even stiffer hurdle than C. But eighteen competitors are still leading the field with the maximum of 15 points each. The week's prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, H. Lobbenberg, E. Hopkinson, A. J. Shore, G. Smith.

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AMERSHAM, Bucks; charming vegetarian, food reform or ordinary diet guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 2 acres overlooking open country; 5 mins. from stn.; h. & c. all rooms, home-grown fruit and vegetables; summer terms 5½ to 7gns. wkly. Private suite comprising 2 bedrooms, lounge, offices & 'phone; special terms on request. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfry, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Ave., Amersham. Tel. 1334.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, The Lawns Hotel. Finest position with lovely views of Atlantic and coastal scenery. Excellent food and comfort guaranteed. Vacancies from Sept. 2. Terms 5gns. Telephone 291.

SLIEVE League Hotel, Carrick, Co. Donegal. River and sea fishing, good bathing. Mountain cliffs. Tel. Carrick 5. Write: Sean O'Maloney.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

FISHING and shooting holidays from September onwards. Farm-house accommodation. The ideal sporting holiday in the district of your choice. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley. Tel. Paisley 5012.

BREAKFAST in bed and any other meals you like, for a week or two's real rest in quiet country house. Massage if required. Reasonable terms. Box 7655.

BOGNOR, sea front central, board res. Good food & comfort, H. & C. all rooms. Children welcome, half price. Moderate terms. Apply Pier View, Steyne.

GUESTS received. Large comfortable farmhouse. Modern conveniences. Highly situated. Terms 4gns. weekly. Bemand, Upper House, Risbury, Leominster.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SWITZERLAND. Guests received by young couple in large, comfortable and delightfully situated Chalet in sunny Alpine resort. Wonderful view, walks, flowers. All summer and winter sports. Illus. brochure. C. B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château-d'Oex.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Unrivalled views, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

HIGH time you tried the S.F. Grill & Café, 6 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus (25 years old). The Fried Chicken Plate—the Sandwiches—the Lemon Meringue Pie, and lots of other good things to eat for lunch, tea and before "The Show."

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1, MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1, GER. 4713 (opposite Frascati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

SCHOOLS

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-12 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outlook, individual care.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

A PROGRESSIVE School in the North. The Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancashire has 50 boys & girls aged 4 to 13; & in a homely atmosphere & ideal surroundings lays a sound foundation for their future.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CANBERRA University College, Australia. The Council of the College invites applications for the newly created Chair of English. Salary will be at the rate of £1,500 (Australian currency) per annum with adjustments to cover variations in the cost of living, at present an additional £136 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 2, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments to Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first- or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' postgraduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

CADBURY Brothers wish to appoint a woman aged between 30 and 40 to assist in staff management at Bournville. The staff concerned is about 1,000, and the post is a responsible one with good prospects and pay for the right person. Useful qualifications would be a Degree or Social Science Diploma, and some years' experience in personnel or staff management, including such duties as recruitment, training, job analysis and grading and committee work. Other responsibilities of an administrative or organizational nature in industry or commerce, and a knowledge of office routine and secretarial duties would also be useful. Applications, giving details of age, education, qualifications, experience and salaries earned, should be sent with a covering letter in the candidate's own handwriting, to W.S.A., Cadbury, Bournville, by September 1, 1950.

NEW Zealand. Justice and Prisons Department. Applics. invited to fill positions as (1) Regional Probation Officer (Male), Commencing salary £NZ.770 per annum, rising to £NZ.820. The successful applicant will subsequently be considered for the position of Chief Probation Officer, Head Office, Wellington, with a probable commencing salary of £NZ.860 per annum, rising to £NZ.960 p.a. (2) Senior Probation Officer (Female)—commencing salary £NZ.545 per annum, rising to £NZ.620 per annum. These positions have been advertised elsewhere and applications already lodged will be considered together with any new applications in reply to this advertisement. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2, with whom applications, in duplicate, must be lodged by August 25, 1950.

LONDON County Council (Children's Department). Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for two posts of Area Children's Officer. Candidates should possess, in addition to a good education and adequate training, a knowledge of urban and social conditions and the work of residential establishments for deprived and young persons; they should have had experience with children presenting behaviour problems and be capable of organising and supervising the work of trained children's welfare officers engaged in visiting, boarding-out, juvenile court and child life protection work, together with administrative experience in local government. Each appointment will be to the Council's permanent staff, subject to medical examination, and will be to a major establishment (administrative) grading on a salary scale of £700 by £35 to a maximum of £840 a year. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope required), obtainable from the Children's Officer (CH/A.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable not later than August 31, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Film Editor (News) in the Television Service. Candidates must have good general knowledge of editing and be experienced in synchronising picture and sound in the preparation of cutting copies for re-recording. They must be able to work at speed particularly in track laying. A good sense of news value is an essential qualification. The salary is on a scale rising by £30 per annum to £680 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Film Editor (News) N. Stn." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE British Film Institute has the following vacancies: Chief Indexer and Classifier of press material for Information Department. The applicant should possess initiative and organizing ability and be an Associate of the Library Association. Salary £350 p.a. Assistant to above. Salary £250 p.a. Assistant to Chief Cataloguer of the National Film Library. Preference will be given to an Associate of the Library Association. Salary £320 p.a. All salaries stated are approximate and depend on the experience of the applicant. The successful applicants will be required to join the Institute's superannuation scheme. Applications should be in writing addressed to the Secretary of the Institute at 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, marked "Cataloguer."

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment to an Assistant Lectureship in International History (with special reference to the period 1919-1939). Salary scale £450–£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances (starting salary according to qualifications and experience). Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than August 15, 1950, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE Civil Service Commissioners announce a vacancy for an Assistant Director of Examinations in their Department. Both men and women are eligible. Age 25-30 on July 1, 1950, but candidates with exceptional qualifications between 30 and 40 may also be considered. Qualifications: Honours Degree (preferably First Class) in Natural Sciences with Chemistry or Physics as a main subject. Teaching experience will be taken into account; examining and/or interviewing experience will be an advantage. Duties: Connected with setting examination papers, marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, interview boards, contact with educational bodies, etc. Salary £900—£1,100 (men), £900—£950 (women). Application form and full details of salary, etc., from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3193. Latest date for return of application forms August 17, 1950.

ESSEX Education Committee, Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma and experience in Child Guidance work is desirable. Salary £370, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530. Regard will be had to previous experience in fixing the commencing salary. Applications to be made in writing, giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (female) in the Children's Department. The duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Preference will be given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science, with special training or experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed but will not exceed £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by August 19, 1950. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

BERKSHIRE Education Committee. Maidenhead Community Centre. Appointment of Warden. Applications are invited from qualified persons for the above-named post. Salary: man £300 × £15—£555 per annum, woman £270 × £12—£444 per annum. Applications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Maidenhead Community Centre, Education Office, 5 Park Street, Maidenhead. They should contain full particulars with regard to age, training, qualifications and experience, and be accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials, and the names of three persons who are prepared to act as referees. The closing date for applications is 14 days after the appearance of this notice. W. F. Herbert, Director of Education, Shire Hall, Reading.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist required by old-established publishing house. Particulars regarding experience, age and salary, to Box 8347.

YOUNG woman Univ. grad. for film/book criticism for new magazine. Preference to applicant with knowledge of the retail book trade. Commencing salary £650 plus expenses. All details and references with first application. Box 7975.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

GLAMORGAN County Council. Children's Committee. Invitation to act as Foster Parents. The Glamorgan Children's Committee have in their care a number of children deprived of a normal home life, for whose maintenance and welfare they are responsible. This Committee would appreciate offers from people of sympathy and understanding who would be prepared to take any of these children permanently or temporarily into their homes, so that they may lead a normal family life. Maintenance allowances are paid varying from 20s. to 40s. a week according to the age of the child. Householders who are prepared to provide a home for any of these children, are asked to write to Beti Jones, Children's Officer, Glamorgan County Hall, Cardiff.

YOUTH Leader or Warden. Applications are invited from men preferably over thirty years of age for the full-time position of Leader of the Boys' Club in the clubrooms of the Social Service Society at Roosevelt Street, Belfast. Applicants should have first-hand knowledge of youth work and substantial experience of responsible management. An academic or youth leadership qualification would be an advantage. Preference will be given to ex-servicemen. Commencing salary will be in the region of £350 to £450 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience, and an additional bonus may possibly be given in respect of any general duties as Warden of the Clubrooms or Organiser of the Society's other activities. Applications (there is no special form) should be sent, before August 12, 1950, to "Social Service Society," c/o Northern Ireland Council of Social Service, 28 Bedford St., Belfast, and marked "Confidential." No testimonials should be enclosed but the names of three responsible referees must be given.

CLUB Leader, woman (under 30 preferably), for Junior and Mixed Youth Clubs, Sept. Residence and full board in Settlement. Sal. from £180 p.a. according to experience. Form of application obtainable from Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Sq. S.E.1, to be returned not later than Aug. 19.

TEACHER (resident) required for observing and organizing the educational activities of children who are sheltered for a period of two or three weeks to a Reception Centre conducted by the Church of England Children's Society in Bulham, preparatory to a final placement. Experience of remedial teaching of backward children an advantage. Member Church of England. For further particulars apply, quoting S/1 and this publication, to Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

WANTED: Secretary for London Club catering for British and International musicians. Salary £600–£800 according to qualifications. Apply by Aug. 31 to Box 8310.

THE Jewish Board of Guardians requires a Matron for children's home accommodating up to 30 children aged 5-12 shortly to be opened at Hemel Hempstead, Herts. Those applying must have had experience in administering a similar home. Children's nursing qualifications an added asset. Apply in writing, with full particulars of experience, to The Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., E.1.

CHURCHWOMAN required as Warden for G.F.S. residential club, central Birmingham. Adequate staff. Apply, with copies of recent testimonials, to Miss Lloyd, 99 West Heath Road, Birmingham, 31.

NANNY, unrepressed, pre-A. S. Neill, comfortable, for 3 children in Norwich. No-one tense. Box 8128.

WIDOWER with 3 sons, 15, 13 and 8, requ. competent person to do housework and housekeeping. Manchester district. Box 8234.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FROEBEL teacher, domesticated and experienced, wants change. Boarding school with accom. during holidays pref. Matron in hostel, etc., or housemistress with part-time teaching also considered. (General junior subjects and German.) Box 8185.

YOUNG man, 27, unmarried, perfect command French, German, Italian, good knowledge Spanish, Dutch, English and German shorthand, typing, experience translating, sub-editing, book trade, seeks post offering scope for his qualifications. Box 8271.

UNIVERSITY Graduate, female, with small school-going daughter, seeks post as resident secretary; willing to help in house. Free September 1. Box 8201.

COMPETENT lady, versatile, social welfare and admin. exp., organising ability, langs., typing, sks. responsible post. Box 8313.

YOUNG lady seeks job abroad, Sept.-March. Companion help or Children's help. Consider anything. Refs. exchanged. Box 7791.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BERNARD Shaw's Birthday. An opportunity to secure a copy of "Bernard Shaw Through the Camera" (238 pictures of his life and work), published at 15s. Limited number now offered at 10s. (post free). Obtainable only from Arts, (D), 49 Berwick St., W.1.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6496. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought for cash. High prices offered for recent or pre-war novels and non-fiction in fine condition. Complete libraries or small lots purchased. Bernard Hardiwe, 57 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—*continued*

"TELEPATHY and Human Personality," by Dr. J. B. Rhine; "Do Ghosts Still Walk the Earth?" by Langston Day; "Hid from the Wise," by Lord Dowding; "Astrology"—Cult, not Science, by Dr. MacPherson, and other interesting articles appear in the Summer No. of "Rider's Review," now on sale. Editor: Philip Butler. 72 pages. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all booksellers or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Economics, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. August issue now ready. Of all booksellers 3s. net (3os. p.a. post free).

EISENSTEIN'S Last Articles; Criticism of Katayev's new novel; Teaching Students to work independently: Soviet Symposium, Anglo-Soviet Journal XI.2 (Summer, 1950), 2s. 6d. from booksellers, 2s. 9d. post free from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

"LANGUAGES For All," by Lawrence Wolfe, explains newest method of foreign language learning. Easy, rapid; guaranteed fluency from outset. 7s. 6d. plus 6d. post. Daniel Godwin, Ltd., 68-70 Wardour St. W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

NEAR Harrods. Inexpensive pied-à-terre in well-kept house: comfortable divan rooms, concealed basins, always v. hot water, bath, telephones, gas fires, breakfasts. Gentlemen only. 3½gns. and 4gns. KENsington 4367.

LARGE attract. furn. bed.-sit. room quiet, cultured priv. house offered prof. or business gentleman. Nr. Hampstead Heath. Room serv., bkfast. & eve. meals. Continental cooking. Engl./foreign langs. spoken. Box 8240.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting room to let from August 10, for appr. 1 month. 71 Emmerdale Rd., Kew Gardens.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, suburbs, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1939.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4836. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

TWO bed-sitting rooms available with joint cooking facilities. Ideal for 2 business or professional ladies. Opposite Victoria Park, Hackney. Box 8187.

TO let for 18 months: furnished service flat, Fleet Street, 2 rooms, kitchenette, bathroom, c.h.w., refrigerator, tel.; 7gns. per week. Refs. essential. Box 8053.

SHARE of pleasant cheap Hampstead flat offered to young woman by journalist, 25; (f). Box 8068.

CHARMING furnished ground-floor bed-sitting-room-kitchenette. Use bath. S. aspect in country house. 5 mins. station and shops. 40 mins. Victoria. 1 person 3gns.; 2, 2gns. ex. Hunsert Lodge, Outed. Tel. 380.

HERTS. village, 45 mins. London, bright top flat to let furnished, bed-sit. & kit. Use bath, tel. Suit professional woman, 5 mins. station & Green Line. Box 8134.

HARVARD Fullbright student, wife and two small children seek comfortable furnished flat or house with bath and hot water in or near London, October 1, 1950—June 30, 1951. Arthur Vidich, 6A Gibson Terrace, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

GRADUATE Architect wishing to marry, urgently requires unfurnished flat within 1 hour of Charing Cross. Box 8212.

NOTTINGHAM. University Lecturer, bachelor, requires accom. from Sept. 1. Progressive household preferred. Box 8061.

DENTAL surgeon requires grnd. floor furnished flat. Access to gdn. 3 rooms, k. & b., London area. £250 p.a. Box 7984.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HURTWOOD House, Albury, Guildford, for sale, spectacular views to South. All services, 6 beds, 3 recep., Aga, 7 acres surrounded common lands. 750 ft. up. Apply Harlands/Lady Allen of Hurtwood. View by appointment only.

BOOKSHOP for sale. Snug little business, est. over 20 yrs. 4,000 vols. new and old. Pleasant accom. above. £350 secures. Write Book Corner, 9 Oak St., Deal, Kent.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 13th Edition, new condition, £20 or nearest. New Yorker" magazine, back numbers and current, offers: "Horizon" 1-121, offers; "Dancing Times," 1938-41; Books on Art (list free); Books on Wagner (list free); E.M.G. Gramophone (table, inverted horn) and collection classical records; Box-caravan bargain, space, quality, convenience, on view Kent, £120; French Linguaphone, £4; English cow-hide suitcase, 26in., canvas cover, £10/near offer.

WANTED: Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 2d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.0. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Gentle Gunman." Members.

GATEWAY (BAY. 1910), 7.45. Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master." Mems. "Really amusing." E. News. Last prf. Sun.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Last perf. Sun., Aug. 6. "Winkles and Champagne" opens Aug. 11, Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. Eus. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Aug. 6th, 7.30. "Molti Sogni" (A), (Italian).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra. B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents, 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

DANCE by the 77 Club, Mon., August 7, 7.30 p.m., at the Victory Club, 2 Hand Court, High Holborn. Dreamers' Quintet. 3s. 6d. Licensed bar.

EXHIBITIONS

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

A COLLECTION of 17th, 18th and 19th Century Paintings and Early English Watercolours at modest prices. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Chinese paintings by Chen Chun-Fu and Wu Yung-Hsiang. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until Sept. 2. Adm. free.

ICA. Symbolic Realism in American Painting. Exhibition at Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. July 19-Aug. 18. Week-days 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. 18th Annual Exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Oeuvres Choisies: Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque, etc. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

HAND-Thrown Pottery by Students of Loughborough College: at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Robin Rae. July 19-August 19.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Painting.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NO More Hiroshimas. Peace Demonstration. Trafalgar Square. Sunday, 6th August, 3 p.m. Vera Brittain, E. H. S. Burhop, Ph.D., James Hudson, M.P., Sybil Morrison, Dora Russell, Donald Soper. Chairman: Stuart Morris. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, supported by Friends' Peace Committee, Anglican Pacifist Fellowship, Crusade for World Government, Labour Pacifist Fellowship, Women's International League and National Peace Council.

MR. KINGSLEY Martin (Editor, "New Statesman"), will speak on "East and West" at All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel), on Wednesday, August 9, at 8.30 p.m. Questions and discussion. Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 12, at 6 p.m. Dr. R. G. Salomon: "Sprache und Geschichte."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work: Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. NW3. Ham. 1986.

DAVIES'S successful Individual Tuition for Civil Service, degree, professional and school examinations, also Secretarial Training courses for graduates and older students at 2 Addison Road, W.14. Park 4465. Special junior departments (Common Entrance, etc.) for boys under 15 at 24 Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.3. Hampstead 4936 and 10 Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8. Bayswater 2895. Also English Courses for foreign students at 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Western 6564.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and Matriculation Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for London Matriculation and the new General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics, History, and Geography. Both day and evening classes include arts and science subjects as well as economics and logic. There are courses for the Special University Entrance Examination, professional preliminary examinations, and Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Full-time students under 18 years of age may be admitted free. Session 1950-1 begins on Sept. 19, 1950. Evening Classes begin on Sept. 25, 1950. (Enrolment for evening classes Sept. 18 and 19, 6-8 p.m.). Prospectuses may be obtained on application to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econ., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others), Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Moderate fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments. Intensive Business Course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus or interview on application to Secretary, 61-62 Bayswater Road, W.2. Tel. PADdington 3320.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies Sept. 4 & October 2. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. Euston 5811.

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